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## THE VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE.

THAT most pleasant if not most reliable of local historians, the worshipful Diedrich Knickerbocker, recounts, at some

World, and began life in the colonies; how his ship was cast up on the shore of Pavonia by the obstinate eddy of Hell-Gate, and how

"Oloffe the Dreamer." Then, how he changed his mind in spite of the dream, and migrated with all his following across to the Island of



VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

length, how the ancient Commodore Van Cortlandt, of Cortlandt, ended his adventures on the voyage from Holland to the New

the worthy Dutchman fell asleep and dreamed it God's will that he should build a city in that place; wherefore he was presently called

Manahatta, where he soon proved himself a land-speculator at the expense of sixty guilders, for which sum he agreed, with the

Indians, to purchase as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. Mynheer Tenbroek, being appointed measurer, then proceeded to astonish the natives by "pealing, like an onion," and literally covering the whole island with the multitude of his breeches.

So much at least of the good Knickerbocker's is true, and undoubted, as presents the Right Honorable Oloff Stevenson van Cortlandt, descended from the dukes of that name, as the founder of the family in America.

Jacobs A. van Cortlandt was the first who possessed the estate now partly enjoyed by his descendants. It was once included in the fief of Colon-Donck, granted to the Patroon Van der Donck; from him it passed through the hands of various owners to the Honorable Frederick Philipse, who, in turn, resold it to his son-in-law, Jacobs A. van Cortlandt, the husband of Philipse's daughter Eva. This was in 1699, sixty-two years after the arrival of Oloff van Cortlandt in New-York City, where his properties lay about Cortlandt, Houston, and Stanton Streets, and the Bowery. The Van Cortlandt Manor of Johannes van Cortlandt, another descendant of Oloff, must not be confounded with the one of which we write, for it is situated at some distance up on the Hudson River, at the mouth of the Croton, and was lately owned by the nephew, Pierre van Cortlandt.

The Van Cortlandt House estate lies at the lower end of Westchester County, where it adjoins the upper point of New-York Island, and is only separated from it by the very narrow line of the Harlem River, or, more properly, Spuyten-Duyvil Creek. On the east, Fordham Heights make the dividing line from other properties, and the Hudson River forms its westerly and Yonkers its northerly boundary. It originally comprised about eight hundred and fifty acres, and was formerly known as Little or Lower Yonkers. Along the edge of the valley on either side are scattered beautiful knolls and hilly ranges, some cultivated and some wooded. On the west, situated on a fine, wooded hill, stood formerly a large stone mansion, which was destroyed by fire in 1822; it was rebuilt in the same year by Augustus van Cortlandt, but has since passed out of the hands of the family. The present estate consists of about four hundred acres, or one half of the original area, and comprises the whole of the lower part of the beautiful valley on either side of Tibbet's Brook.

In the midst of a broad-spreading plain stands the old house.

The grounds are laid out in ancient Dutch style, with high, artificial banks, and the profusion of spacious barns and out-houses suggests the greatness of its former crops and herds. The north lawn in front was adorned with stately rows of box, which, when it had grown to its present enormous height of ten feet, so obstructed the view of the Harlem Valley that much of it was cut away, leaving only great clumps here and there. It was planted one hundred and ten years ago, after the erection of the house, which bears the date 1748. The style of architecture is essentially Dutch, and is highly picturesque. All the windows on the front are surmounted

by curious corbels, with faces grave or gay, satyrs or humans, but each different from the other. The window-sills are wide and solidly built into the thick, stone walls, as was the fashion of the time, and one, at least, of the main chimneys projects beyond the side-wall, of which it is a part. The grounds are interspersed with old trees; one old pear-tree being a veritable patriarch, perhaps as old as the apple-tree on the hill, into whose butt ancient Oloff cut his name. The pear-tree still bears some of the *pound pears* so favored by the housewives of the olden time. A splendid row of horse-chestnuts, reputed to have lived one hundred and fifty years already, flourish with a still youthful vigor, and overshadow the great gate with a grand arch of limbs and leaves.

The posts of this gate are surmounted by a pair of white eagles, of very grotesque form and truly heraldic design. They, too, have a history, being part of the spoils taken from a Spanish privateer, and presented to Augustus van Cortlandt by Rear-Admiral Robert Digby of the British Navy. Through the gate, which these historic eagles guard, the road runs to the house, which has two entrances, front and rear, or, one may say, in each front; they are four or five steps up, and lead through massive doors to the rooms, where there are many Revolutionary memories. Here General Washington dined and slept when the British pickets were driven in upon New-York Island in 1781, and here occurred the melancholy incident of the death of the unfortunate Captain Rowe in the arms of his bride that should have been. They were good patriots, these early Van Cortlands, a stiff-backed set, and were among the earliest of the seditious, as we may judge by an extract from a letter sent from Fort William in 1689 to the king's officers in Maryland: . . . "and opened his letters by which I have discovered several hellish designs, upon which discovering I catched Coll. Byard and the attorney, Wm Nicholl—Coll. Dougan, Major Brockhouse, Stevanus Van Cortlandt, Major Willet, Daniel Whitehead, Doctor Reid, Mathew plowman and the tall collector have absconded themselves out of this government to Pennsylvania or Maryland."

Some of this independent spirit was inherited, no doubt, from the Philipse side of the house, for the Philipses were early reformers, contemporary with John Huss, and at the time of his martyrdom were forced to fly to East Friedland for safety.

During the early part of the war a British picket-guard of Yagers was constantly stationed on this place, and their officers occupied the house for their quarters.

The most important battle which took place here, for this was "neutral ground" in the Revolutionary struggle, and the scene of many conflicts, was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe's command with the Stockbridge Indians, August 31, 1778.

The scene of the engagement lies northeast of the house. An alarm having been given, and the approach of the Indians being momentarily expected, Colonel Simcoe threw out a picket, and took post in a tree convenient for observation. At length, seeing a flanking-party of the enemy approaching, the

troops were ordered into ranks, and had hardly accomplished the movement when a "smart firing" was heard from the Indians, who were exchanging shots with Lieutenant-Colonel Emmerich, who had been sent in the advance.

The Queen's Rangers were moved rapidly to gain the heights, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton immediately pushed forward with the hussars and light cavalry, but, in consequence of the fences in the way, was obliged to return farther upon the right. This being reported to Colonel Simcoe, he broke from the column of the Rangers with a grenadier company, leaving Major Ross to conduct the corps to the heights, and arrived, without being perceived, within ten yards of the Indians. They now gave a yell, and fired upon the grenadiers, wounding Colonel Simcoe and four others. The enemy were, however, quickly driven from the fences, when Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton got among them, and pursued them rapidly down Van Cortlandt Ridge.

Though this ambuscade failed in greater part, yet it was of importance. Nearly forty Indians were killed, and it was beyond question the most important action of the "Neutral Ground." Eighteen Indians were buried in the same pit in "Indian Field," by the "Indian Bridge," which still exists, and it is said that the spirit of their sachem yet walks abroad upon the scene of conflict.

Lately a new railroad has been built through this old battle-ground; the millpond, which yet drives the primitive saw of our forefathers, has been invaded. Thus another of the "old landmarks" has changed; and the peaceful spot where, but a short year since, near as it is to the great city, the graceful summer-ducks and the blue herons were wont to sojourn a day or two in their migrations, will soon resound and ripple to the rush of the steam-engine and the roll of ponderous wheels. Even now few have any knowledge of the scenes here past, and in another generation or two all will be changed, from the peace of the wide-spread fields and orchards, to the busy ways of the outskirts of a great city.

## BEAUTY.

O ROSE! O pearl! O child! O things of light!

O maiden's eye that melts with beams of love!

O star that sparkle in the vault above!

O peerless moon, thou radiant queen of night!

O golden sun, so glorious in my sight!

How doth my soul leap forth to soul in thee,

To that appealing, mute divinity  
Which gives thee glory as it gives thee might!

'Tis what we worship, though we know it not;

'Tis what the heart adores, where'er the eye

Doth rest, on ocean, earth, or in the sky;  
For love ne'er worships willingly a blot,

But looks for what is pure, for what is fair,  
For what is good, as heaven and angels are.

SALLIE A. BROOK

## THE FATE OF A RELIC.

**I**N the middle of the afternoon of a warm day, the nap of the drudge and milk-maid of a large farm-house in the suburbs of N— was suddenly disturbed by what appeared to her to be the most violent thunder.

She started and listened for a moment, half bewildered and half angry, and then was on the point of dropping off to sleep again, when the alarm was repeated, but not in the terrific manner she feared. Some one was simply knocking at the back-door which led into the yard from the kitchen beneath her.

She arose, and, thrusting her unkempt head and reddened face out at the little window which commanded the threshold-stone, she perceived a gentleman dressed in black, with a tall hat and a stout cane, patiently contemplating the hot and sun-dried panels before his eyes. Now and then he made a pass at the flies which buzzed about him, or with his forefinger picked out a little of the mortar from between the stones of the house.

"What do you want?" demanded the vixen.

The gentleman looked up quickly, and she saw that he was pretty old, and that he wore gold-bowed spectacles. He replied with the manner of one who knows the value of the favor he is about to ask; that is, gently and persuasively.

"Can you tell me who lives here?"

"Yes, I ken," responded the other. "It's a widow lady named Aymer and her daughter."

"And so do I!" cried an extremely harsh voice from above. The visitor and the maid both turned their eyes thither, and beheld, at an upper window in the main portion of the building, the bald head and wrinkled face of a man of seventy, who looked at them with great intensity. The stranger, who naturally imagined this to be the master of the place, instantly turned to him.

"I have heard of this old house for a great many years," said he, pleasantly, "and I have taken advantage of a visit to the town to stroll down here and examine it, even at the risk of intruding. It is very curious, and very ancient, and I wish to ask if you would permit me to look into one or two of the unoccupied rooms; that is, if you haven't the slightest objection."

"But I have," replied the other, emphatically, meantime surveying the applicant with suspicious anger. "I have objections, sir!"

"Then I hasten to beg pardon for disturbing you," was the reply. "I did not know but I might be able to repay you for any trouble I might occasion by explaining or pointing out some of the peculiarities of the old house, for I am something of an antiquary, and am educated in all such matters."

"You can't tell me any thing, sir," retorted the other, with a snap like a wolf. "I am an antiquary myself."

"Indeed! then we should be friends."

"Should we, though? I'd like to know why! I suppose artists and doctors are al-

ways friends; so are horse-jockeys, and parsons, and all jacks of a trade."

"Well, at least we need not be enemies."

"I don't know that either," cried the other, getting redder in the face. "I can't tolerate a man I catch prowling around my back-door."

"Sir!" demanded the visitor, with a look of severity.

"And making love to my kitchen-maid!" wantonly added the master, with a threatening shake of his head.

The other instinctively glanced at the mop-headed girl, who was convulsed with restrained laughter, and, being powerfully struck with the largeness of her mouth, the smallness of her nose, and the supreme ugliness of her figure and complexion, forgot to be indignant, and replied, with great good-nature:

"I assure you I am innocent of that, my friend; I only came on a curiosity-hunting errand, and I should regret to go away leaving a bad name behind. If you are an antiquary, like myself, let us exchange cards—let us become acquainted. Perhaps you are a correspondent or subscriber to the *Archaeological and Gynaecological Monthly*; the Boston—"

"Sir!" cried the other, with triple force.

"I asked if—"

"Yes, I am a correspondent of the *Archaeological and Gynaecological Monthly*, sir!" roared the old gentleman, with starting eyes. "Three months ago I published in the *New-York Family Record* an inquiry into the origin of the family arms of Lord Battmore, and, thirty days after the publication of the article, upon which I spent months of labor and research, the editor of the *Archaeological and Gynaecological Monthly*, an ignorant catamount named Dr. Moss, set upon me and tried to convince the world that I was a fool and an idiot. He told the whole country, in all the blazon of print, that I was a bad reader, a worse writer, a contemptible historian, a beautiful romancer, and an unspotted humbug. He pounced upon me as an eagle does upon its prey. He picked me to pieces, and, with devilish malignity, held me up to the scorn and derision of scientific men. I wrote to him, and in return he sent me a copy of his wretched compilation, and told me to read it carefully, for then, he said, I might possibly learn something. All that I want, sir," shouted the excited scholar, "is to get these ten fingers well fastened on that Dr. Moss."

"I am Dr. Moss!" roared the furious gentleman in the yard, bringing his heavy cane down upon the flag with a merry ring. "You Dr. Moss!" returned the other, craning out his long and flexible neck, and turning scarlet with rage. "Are you that—that—that—" He was only able to wag his head to and fro, and to gasp volumes of air. He leaned half out the window, which was only large enough to permit his slender figure to pass through, and he shook two bony fists at his enemy. "And it's Dr. Moss, is it, who wants to pry into the family secrets of the Aymers? O-ho! O-ho! It's you, is it, who would like to look into two or three unoccupied rooms if we haven't the slightest objection? Oh! I suppose you love ma-

hogany panelling, and oak wainscots, and rare brass hinges, eh? Don't you, say?" His reflections seemed to amuse him and anger him alternately; finally he cried, bringing down his fists and his eyebrows at the same time. "Ah, how I'd like to get at you! How I'd like to come down-stairs and shake you, Dr. Moss!"

"Then, why in the name of Heaven don't you come?" demanded the other, striking a rack of milk-cans a blow which made them rattle like a host of cymbals. "Why don't you come down and shake me, sir? I am not going to run away. I'll stand here and fight you on the spot, sir. Why don't you come at once?" He almost danced with exasperation.

"Because they've locked me in," cried the unfortunate, in a tremendous whisper.

The aroused editor calmed in an instant. He contemplated the ancient who was hanging half over the narrow stone sill, with a sudden feeling of pity and regret. He noticed that his linen was spotted with ink, that he carried a huge goose-quill behind his ear, and that his long fingers were stained like those of a careless and incorrigible scribe. But he also noticed the swelling fullness of his temples, and the excessive brightness of his eyes. "This is too bad!" thought he to himself, and he began to wish himself out of the way. He happened to glance up at the maid's window again, and he perceived that she was busy pointing toward another part of the house, and nodding her head in a manner which indicated her desire that he should go thither. The pantomime took place inside the casement, out of reach of the prisoner's eyes. "She wants me to go around to the front-door," said the doctor to himself.

Therefore he began to move off quietly.

"Ha! ha! you're beginning to shrink away like a serpent, are you?" cried the watchful gentleman from his perch above. "You've decided that you've got into hot water, have you? Now, don't let me see you here again. Clear out! Walk off of the premises! Dr. Moss, I order you to leave the spot!"

He pronounced the last command with great emphasis, and as if he relished it. Then he fixed his eyes on his retreating foe until he disappeared behind a wing of the building, when his face became placid, and presently he began to laugh to himself, while he gazed up at the sky and at the doves on the eaves. He enjoyed his triumph, and he wished that Nature could have understood it. Presently he slowly withdrew himself and disappeared within the stone walls.

The doctor made half the circuit of the old house, and then came to a projecting porch, in which was a curious door, half being of oak-wood, and the remainder a diamond sash. The sash was open, and the servant stood waiting for him.

The doctor's antiquarian zeal had become inflamed again even during this short walk, and he had already half forgotten his encounter with his rabid acquaintance.

But still he asked who resided in the house; who was master or mistress of it.

"Widow Aymer is the lady of the house, and the gentleman you saw is her brother.

He's a scholar, and his name is ——. He's odd."

A vigorous smile burst over her features.

"But is the lady or her daughter at home?"

"No, sir. They're in town, shopping. They're not much like him." She motioned over her shoulder with her thumb.

The doctor's wandering eyes fell upon the red flags upon which she was standing, and penetrated beyond her, as if in her rear there lay the cave of Aladdin. The power of language was lost from his lips, and he gazed in mute curiosity. He leaned upon his cane, and projected his head.

It seemed to him that he was looking into the seventeenth century. The distant, low, and cool recesses into which he peered had a perfume of age as well as an appearance of it. The ancient panels and cornices and furniture presented their antiquity to the nose as well as to the eyes. His desire to penetrate and examine these relics grew with every moment, and it was delicious to imagine the treasures of past generations which these only suggested.

He sighed that he had paid his visit at such an unfortunate moment, but he turned away, saying to the wondering girl:

"I will come again to-morrow."

Then he retreated backward into the tall grass, and lifted his eyes so that they comprehended the whole building. His face became gradually suffused with a blush of rapture.

"A garrison-house," murmured he; "an old fort, and built by a Catholic gentleman, too. This is fine; this is a discovery that the society will relish."

He smacked his lips.

Presently he began to tramp around to the right of the house, with his eyes still fastened closely upon it. Its walls were gray, and of monstrous thickness. The main elevation was to the height of two stories, and the roof had a sharp incline. It was not raised above the surface of the ground; that is, the walls did not spring from a knoll or an embankment; it stood upon a plain. In its rear were a few splendid trees, whose luxuriant branches sheltered the walls from the heat; but the front was exposed and hot. And the front seemed also to be deserted, besides being given up unshielded to the assaults of the elements. A sort of dry, invisible rust had attacked the wood-work and the smooth-rough sides of heavy stone. The hinges of the doors were dry of oil, and the knocker and tiny brass knob had turned a leaden black. The sills and panels were cracked and parched, and of their once smooth coats of paint there now remained only a scant sprinkling of whitish flakes. The roof was whole, but there was a thin coating of yellow moss upon it; there was no displacement of any of the bricks or stones, yet the mortar had begun to yield a little at the corners, and the sharp edges of the former were somewhat chipped. A rough, coarse stucco had been used to embellish the more prominent portions of the edifice, and this was a little defaced; and, again, a sharp eye could detect midway up a very slight and gradual bulging of the walls, even ponderous

and solid as they were. The minute leverage of the huge oaken beams which composed the second floor had, in the course of two centuries, spoiled the strict integrity of even these stout battlements.

Yet, notwithstanding the symptoms of decay, it would not be just to call them symptoms of neglect. The house was venerable, and it retained its dignity. Time had begun to pull it down, but its occupants treated it with consideration.

The doctor was in raptures. He smiled with delight as he moved to and fro, counting up the rich charms of the antiquated place; and, as he contemplated the plan upon which the grounds had been arranged, his heart swelled within him, and he declared to himself that he would collect all his assets and endeavor to become master of this incomparable spot.

Before the house there was a broad driveway, now grass-grown and obscured, but which was still defined by a score of mighty elms with mossy trunks and prodigious branches. These splendid monarchs were only the remnants of a host that many years before had lined the way on either hand, and they bore in themselves proofs positive of the gentility and station of their owners. The hither side of these trees was a grassy waste, but beyond them the doctor perceived nothing but an immense garden filled, not with flowers and fruit, but with a most luxuriant vegetation and the richest crops.

As he departed, he turned about again to rest his hungry eyes once more upon the central gem of this most glorious array. Dwindled and softened by distance (the doctor had gone a quarter of a mile), it still looked like a fortress, though the grace and beauty of its surroundings seemed still more admirable.

It was sturdy, neutral in color, elegant in shape, and it carried its age upon its face. It was a handful of ancient belongings planted in the midst of a new landscape; the house alone seemed old; the distant hills, the surrounding plains, and even the sky itself, all looked new and unstable beside it.

"By Heavens!" cried the doctor, in an ecstasy, "there is no place in the country like that!—First, I'll try the virtues of the dollar. Then will try the effect of love, for Madame Aymer is a widow. I'd marry again on a pinch. We shall see."

Then he proceeded to his lodgings, walking backward more than half of the distance. He spent the remainder of the day in historical research.

On the morrow, at three in the afternoon, he again presented himself at the old house, taking great care to avoid passing before the window at which had appeared his friend of the day before. He had discovered that the occupants of the house made use of two entrances; one at the side of the building, and the one at which he had originally applied for admission.

He now naturally approached the former, and he administered a gentle knock, for which was returned to him a long and charming echo from the interior.

He was admitted by a different servant than the one he had already seen, and he was conducted through several halls and apart-

ments until he found himself in a pretty reception-room at the right of the main hall.

The inner shutters were nearly closed, and the sunlight struggled in slender pencils and blades, which illuminated patches here and patches there. The furniture was heavy and dark, the ceiling was low, and the air was rich with the smell of flowers. He could hear no sound but the muffled tread of feet somewhere in a distant part of the house, and the singing of the birds in the fields without.

A slow intoxication began to seize upon him. His soul, always sensitive to things of a past generation, now became reverent and subdued. He could have wept in the presence of so much antiquity.

He sat erect upon the edge of a Windsor chair, with his hands folded upon the top of his cane, gazing in rapt admiration through his gold-bowed glasses upon the treasures with which he found himself surrounded. He wished he might be permitted to get up and make an examination. His fingers and his eyes burned to lay hold upon them.

But the mistress appeared. The doctor arose and bowed deeply, as if she too had been constructed in the seventeenth century. She was tall, grave, benign, and habited in black. She wore a small, white ruff at the neck, which gave her the saintly appearance of a nun.

The two sat down to that terrible first conversation, which is nothing but a mutual scrutiny and critique. Suddenly, however, matters received a tremendous impetus.

The doctor discovered in the sublime mistress an old friend of those days when he danced. The discovery was nearly mutual. They laughed, and then she arose and gave him her hand. After this they sat together upon a Japanese fauteuil; before this there had been a wide distance between them.

Progression was now easy and facile. They chatted for an hour upon that subject which is so full of sap—old times. It seemed that she had married, but that her husband had died. It also appeared that he had married, but that he had become a widower. As these two points became clear, they grew a shade more formal, and she arose ostensibly to reach a fan, but really to transfer herself to another seat. The doctor, being a great lover of the proprieties, grew more circumspect, if possible.

Then it transpired that he possessed a son, a handsome wight, who had just graduated from college, and upon whom he looked with great affection.

And madame, for her part, had a daughter, a dear girl, she said, who was the brightness of her life.

Then, almost as if in response to a call, this daughter appeared on the scene. She came through the low and narrow doorway, and stepped into the darkened room with an easy grace. She had a slender figure, a sweet face; and her hair, which was glowing blond, was arranged high upon her head. Her dress was of light muslin, covered with flower-sprays; and her white hands were crossed before her, and in one of them she held a rose.

The doctor venerated the beautiful. He arose to his feet. The young girl paused for

a moment, as if in doubt whether to advance. The doctor made great use of this divine instant; he looked with all his might. It was one of those living pictures, one of those rare, involuntary combinations, which become embalmed in the memory as perfect realizations. He thought he would never be permitted to see any thing of this kind again.

He was presented. She spoke to him. He was overwhelmed. Here was too much happiness for one day. First, the rarest old house in the State; second, an old friend; third, an incomparable girl; fourth, a thought that, by some means or other, he might come to possess one of the first three.

But still his leading desire was the house. Contact with the fairest womankind could never quench his antiquarian fire, though it might dim it for the moment. He had but to release his eyes from the thraldom exercised by either of the fair faces, and they would instantly encounter something which delighted them a thousand-fold.

If his gaze fell from a delicate mouth upon an old portrait-relief in wax, or an ivory hand-screen of the days of Washington, his soul would rise to the higher level, and he would become forgetful.

The mistress beheld his passion with indulgence. It was very likely that she, too, had imbibed a little love for her peculiar surroundings, and it was, therefore, with the voice and manner of one who is about to provide as well as dispense a pleasure that she proposed that they should all go on a journey through the house.

It was an unequalled party.

First, there walked the doctor a few inches in advance, with the gold head of his cane upon his lips, his left hand behind him, and with his attenuated body bent slightly forward, so that his ready eyes might catch a view of all the treasures at an early instant. Then there came madam, composed, attentive to the doctor's observations, capable of a gentle enthusiasm, and very proud to learn that she represented so much old grandeur and importance. Behind these two there followed the divine girl, with slow steps, eager ears, and smiling face; she was the fresh generation prowling among the remains of her grandfathers, and she seemed to be indulgent. She was ready to forgive them for leaving so much trumpery, when she saw it was so interesting to her mother and her mother's friend.

The trio penetrated deep into ancient closets, where it was necessary to light a candle, and where the two ladies were required to gather their skirts tightly about them; the cellars took new charms upon them, as the doctor pointed out their age, and described the troublous times in which they were built.

The doctor, in moving his cane along the wall, encountered a square depression, half secreted by cobwebs. He had met with such in other places.

"Ha! ha!" said he, and he boldly thrust his hand into it, and seemed to be feeling of something.

"Here is a date, madam!" He looked at her as if he had announced the discovery of an untold treasure. "It is 1650. Now,

there is something tangible. Your ancestor was Philip Whittlesey. He was a great man."

The doctor lowered his cane and held his breath. The mother and daughter remained silent for some seconds. The doctor was profoundly impressed. Said he:

"I am sure there must be a very deep well hidden here somewhere in the cellar. Those who had garrison-houses always sunk them within the premises for use in case of attack by the Indians."

It was not long before the doctor found this inevitable reservoir. He hovered over it. It delighted him, and he solemnly dropped some bits of mortar into it. He was answered by a dull spatter.

"You observe, ladies," murmured he, "that the faithful water has remained at its post for over two hundred and ten years."

He gave an exquisite sigh.

But it was when they again ascended to the main floor of the house that the doctor's knowledge was displayed in all its unique advantage. He stepped through the numberless rooms with the respect and gravity he would have felt in a cathedral.

He knew the age and probable history of every old beaufet, candelabra, snuffbox, secretary, fire-arm, and embroidery; and he discoursed upon the changes which had come over the genius of the house as times had altered and vicissitudes disappeared; how it became, first, a hasty shelter from storms; then a powerful rendezvous for the farmers in the dreadful days when any breeze might beat the sound of war-whoops; then its metamorphosis into a council-hall for Tories and patriots; and, finally, its rise to the dignity of a homestead and shelter for its present worthy owners. Here the doctor bowed deeply, and then led the way to a window.

"Observe the tremendous thickness of these stone-walls. The sashes you now use are by no means the original ones. Formerly the windows were mere rough holes, pierced through for musketry. Behind us is a stone-closet, which was probably used for a powder-magazine. These monstrous beams above our heads show traces of gun-racks, long since mouldered away."

As he passed from one rich glory to another, his respect grew deeper and deeper, and his covetousness grew stronger and stronger. "These are beautiful souls," thought he, as his eyes rested upon his two companions, "but they do not know the value of these pearls."

They lunched from old china, and drank a little sherry from the most slender of Venetian glasses. The room was cool, the floor was polished, the furniture showed signs of bores, but a supreme neatness protected all.

It was while they were engaged at the table that there came from above the sound of a man's voice. He seemed to be singing and to be uttering gleeful sounds.

The doctor's hand, which held a bit of biscuit, stopped mid-air. He could not help thinking of his encounter of yesterday.

The two ladies exchanged glances of amusement.

"I think that must be my brother, sir. He has probably finished another article for

the press, because he always rejoices in that manner on such occasions. He is an antiquarian, and he is a little odd in his ways."

"Yes," reflected the doctor, "I think he is."

"He is very jealous of this spot, and he guards it with great care," continued the lady. The doctor opened his ears. "He does not wish us to make the least change in or about it, and every day either my daughter or myself is expected to go and to report the condition of affairs about the house and grounds—such, for instance, as the visitors we have received, the planting that is done, the produce that is sent to market, and so on. He rarely stirs out of his own chamber, because he fancies that there are numbers of people who wish to steal his papers and documents. When we leave the house alone, we frequently lock his door, and station some one within reach of his voice. He is quite harmless; and, even though he has no pecuniary interest in our property, we esteem it a privilege to lessen the long hours of his illness by gratifying his whims and conceits. He has always been kind to us, and we are glad to find even so poor a way to repay him."

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "certainly!"

But, within, the doctor felt a glow of indignation.

All these relics, this splendid mansion, this valuable record of ancient customs and people, to be kept secret from the world to gratify the fancies of a silly superfluity! The doctor's gorge arose even while his face bore an agreeable smile.

Before he departed, he pointed out the rarity and excellence of the Dutch-tiled fireplaces, and the fine patterns of the monstrous andirons. At the porch, too, he became eloquent and instructive. He lingered fondly over the old oaken half-door, and, with his own fingers, he toyed with the rusty bolts. He pointed out a half-erased coat-of-arms upon the broad keystone of the entrance, and showed a deep niche upon the outer wall, wherein there once stood the figure of a patron saint.

Before he departed, he begged that he might be permitted to come again on some future day, and bring his son, who would be profoundly gratified to enjoy the privileges which his father was so thankful for.

Then he bade an adieu to his old friend, whom he was so glad to have encountered once more, and to her daughter, upon whom he looked almost as his own child; he did, indeed.

He waved them a graceful parting salute, and, with a cheerful face and calculating eye, he took his departure.

"What a perfect old gentleman, mother!" said the daughter, when they again returned to the inner house.

"Yes," returned the parent, with a retrospective smile, "the doctor has been a famous man. He is one of those rare men one may always admire."

Immediately on his return to his hotel the doctor wrote two letters for the earliest mail. The first to his son bidding him to come, and describing in the most tempting fashion the

pleasures that awaited him, taking care, however, to say not a word of the fair daughter of the house. The second letter was to his man of law, whom he instructed to make early inquiries with a view of purchasing the property he had examined. His name was to be withheld, as is usual in such cases, and particular cautions were given not to permit it to transpire.

These two shafts being fired, the politic doctor prepared to launch another. He went to his valise and brought a hand-mirror.

There are few human weaknesses so enduring as the personal vanity of a man. Once a dandy, always a dandy. A fellow who is praised for his figure at twenty-five will swagger as he totters fifty years after. The doctor arranged the terrible looking-glass which belonged in his apartment, and with the aid of his own he began to review his form and general bearing. Then he examined his features at conversation distance and nearer. He brought himself to believe that the old polish still existed, that the one famous light had not yet quite gone out, and he substituted a pair of eye-glasses for his spectacles; it was an embellishment, though not a convenience.

After a polite and reasonable lapse of time, the doctor again called at the old mansion, and again feasted his eyes upon its charms.

The human weakness, which most closely rivals the durability of man's personal vanity, is woman's. The still elegant and comely mistress of the house consulted her mirror with the same intent and the same result with her friend. She agreed inwardly that to deeply regard and to truly respect one who was clearly capable of similar inclinations toward one's self was not the exclusive prerogative of girlhood.

Therefore, when the doctor reappeared, in his rejuvenated character of beau, she received him with the refurbished graces of a belle, but still with great dignity. She did not forget that she was old, but she made her gray hairs charming. She placed a deep ruffle about her neck, but she did not employ an additional smile.

The doctor's eyes were filled with the house and the household gods, yet he was not careless enough to permit this to be understood. If madam wished to make another excursion through the yet unvisited portions of the building he assured her he was quite ready to accompany her. He was willing to acknowledge that he had a weakness for ancient belongings, but he enjoyed above all else the companionship of those whom he had learned to respect.

But it was a struggle when he encountered a deep-cracked cornice with scriptural texts still discernible upon its worm-eaten surfaces, or a hinge of iron lace-work; his hobby and his tact had many encounters. In the course of his chatting with his hostess he discovered the first symptoms of a counter-current, and it acted upon his desire as cold water does upon hot iron; it hardened it and made it more effective.

It seemed that the whimsical brother in the chamber had declared against him the instant he was informed that he had visited the place.

"He could not give me the best of reasons why I should exclude you," said the lady with a smile, "and so I am afraid you must come whenever you feel inclined to do so. He seems to think you wish to appropriate our house."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, with an accent of pity for the poor recluse.

He took occasion to look more closely at the daughter of his friend, in order to assure himself twice over that there was that excellence in her presence he could wish. He was satisfied. She was the irreproachable girl of his former visit, and she was a hundred times more attractive now that acquaintanceship had loosened her tongue.

"The fates are clearly with me," thought the doctor, and he took the first opportunity to bend upon his hostess a glance which was unmistakable.

Nearly at the end of his visit it so happened that he was left alone for a moment in an old stone chamber which retained most of its original characteristics, being bare of wood-work and rough in finish. It had a circular window broken through the wall, and the huge beams consumed a good share of its space. The doctor looked about him with a practised eye, and thrust his cane here and there. One of these stabs penetrated an excavation in one of the joists, the iron ferrule piercing a thin cover which had been fitted to the mouth of the hole.

The doctor had no scruples about making a search, and, thrusting his hand in, he withdrew it, filled with dust and a cloth-like substance. This last he found to be the remains of a skin of a serpent, and mixed with the rest he found half a dozen arrow-heads of flint. The ashes of a veritable Indian challenge and defiance.

This was the matador's cloth to the bull. If there was one thing needed to arouse the doctor into action, a better could not have been supplied. He thrust the skin and the stones deep into his pocket, and vowed that he would possess this unparalleled house (which was doubtless full of hidden treasures) by hook or by crook.

He returned to town in a fever of excitement.

Two letters, in response to the two he had written, awaited him. The one from the son announced that he would arrive on the following day.

"Good!" cried the doctor. "The two callow birds will pair in forty hours."

The one from the lawyer announced that he had endeavored to open negotiations for the property, but that there seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle in the decided objection of a brother of the owner.

"That brother again!" exclaimed Machiavelli.

This singular and irrational stumbling-block made the doctor's situation a maddening one. He remembered the untidy and unkempt man with a feeling of hate. To see that he had no legal hold upon what the doctor deemed priceless and unmatched, and that he was still powerful to prevent his acquisition of it was the very quintessence of distracting reflections.

He had money, plenty of it; yet it was

proved to be useless because a beggar said nay. He was capable of honorably winning a way into the possession of this treasure by marrying its present mistress, only there existed in an obscure garret a scribbling idiot who shook his head.

It is fair to suppose that a monomaniac could not long entertain such a course of thought without reaching a resolve. The doctor, angry and inflamed, came to one at the very outset. He determined to press matters. He made up his mind to suppress all thoughts of this crazy man, and to proceed at any risk.

Therefore he agreed with himself to subordinate every thing to his purpose. He would profane the marriage-rite; deceive the beautiful mistress, his friend; espouse her for this one purpose alone; and, to make matters doubly, trebly sure, he would contrive a marriage of his son with the daughter of the family. Thus there were two paths to secure a right to inhabit and command the coveted prize.

Scuples he suppressed. He stimulated antagonism to the opposing brother, and began his labors.

The son came. He was fresh from his studies, conceited as a Brummel, and handsome as an Apollo. He had a brown face, curling hair, enormous shoulders, and a bright eye and quick step; and he strolled down to the old house on the plain, in company with his perfect father, unsuspecting and unwarmed.

As they approached the usual door, chatting and walking arm-in-arm, the doctor was suddenly impelled to look above him. He beheld the upper half of the figure of his enemy leaning out of the narrow window, with his bright eyes turned downward. The face was calm but intense. Its whitish furrows seemed unnaturally deep as the sunlight fell almost perpendicularly upon them, and the ill-conditioned attire was illuminated in every part.

The doctor said nothing. He even forgot to be polite, which was his principal impulse. He walked on undaunted in manner but disturbed in spirit. The son saw nothing. Their evil-eyed inspector also kept silent, and the silence of such a spirit was significant.

They entered the house uninterrupted, and were welcomed in the same dark, cool room to which the doctor had been admitted on his first visit.

The son, advised and instructed as to the rarity of his surroundings, felt a delight almost equal to that of his father. He became impregnated with the quiet, conservative, and dignified spirit of the place. He too felt the reverence due to two centuries and a host of legends.

Then there entered upon the scene that beautiful adjunct, the daughter; stepping, dressed, and looking, as became the place. The boy beheld her with pleasure, her presence was typical of all he felt.

Then there came a stroll in the fields. The four fell into their proper places, the two old friends behind, and the two new friends in front.

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dwelling upon the figure which had overlooked his last entrance into the house with such a sinister eye, turned around as they were about entering a grove, and glanced at the windows. As he half expected, he beheld the brother standing motionless upon the platform over the porch, with his hand shielding his eyes from the sun, gazing after them. But otherwise than this all was favorable. The two children chatted and laughed as became their years, and his own companion seemed acquiescent.

The doctor returned to his hotel inwardly jubilant and uneasy at the same time, but outwardly grave. His son, too, was grave, but not anxious. The divine fever had laid hold upon him.

During the next week the two gentlemen paid two visits to their friends. And during the week succeeding they paid three, and after that they paid six, and after that seven. When one visits a lady on the Sabbath as well as on each week-day, gossip must be tolerated.

On one of these latter days the lady whispered to the doctor that the brother was growing more bitter every day. She detailed his eccentricities. It appeared that he now guarded the house in the night-time. The doctor smiled.

"But it wears upon me," said she; "I do not know if I have patience enough; perhaps I am weak, perhaps—"

"Madam," interrupted the doctor, "permit me to assume your burdens, this and all others. I shall always endeavor to retain your respect. May I be assured I have secured it?"

The lady bowed.

"Then such reciprocal relations should secure us more happiness than we could experience if always separated. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," responded the other.

"And then?" cried the doctor, in a trembling voice.

The lady slowly arose, and gave him her hand for an instant, and then withdrew quietly from the room.

The doctor's eyes followed her with admiration and content. He was about to quit the apartment and the house, when there advanced from an obscure corner the brother. He seemed collected and well-intentioned.

"Well, sir," said he, with a curious nod, "you have almost got it."

"What do you mean?" articulated the doctor with difficulty.

The other made a brief motion indicating the house.

The doctor looked full into his eye, and passed him with dignity. The other followed him with a quick step, and, touching his sleeve, exclaimed:

"I am going to prevent it, my friend."

Once or twice in one's life one hears a few words of supreme importance which never stop ringing in the ears; a refined precipitation of numberless quick passions expressed in a few syllables; a summing up of wrongs or desires in one terse sentence which is never to be forgotten. Such a sentence was this.

The doctor turned and looked back. The

other gazed at him fixedly. The two exchanged defiance, but said nothing.

It was clearly proper that the doctor's son should now desist from his pursuit for the present, for father and child to marry mother and child under the same moon would be to bait society.

Consequently, the doctor visited the venerable mansion and his venerable mistress alone.

When he entered, he always felt there was hanging over his head the guardian gargoyle, with its searching eyes. Whenever a sigh escaped from madam's lips, he knew it was animated by that terrible but intangible brother. He felt eyes in every corner. When he spoke, he chose his words with great care, so as not to amuse a pair of keen but invisible ears.

When he walked upon the grounds, he had but to turn his head to find strolling unceasingly behind him the crazed and unrelenting man. At his lodgings he received a daily letter, all stains and blurs, which warned him against pursuing what it called "his game."

It awoke his anger and resolution, though at times he knew what it was to tremble at such persistency, such uniform hate.

For madam's part, she grew frightened and nervous. To perceive a thin and watchful body appear from a corner, a door-way, a niche, without so much as a warning breath or footfall, was misery, but to always expect such a ghost was an indescribable horror.

One word from her would have secured her forever from the torment; but the sentiment of relationship animated her to endure and endure until nature began to fail.

The doctor pressed a date for their marriage. She, half fearful, was reluctant.

He watched her dwindling strength with anxious eyes and furious heart. To get thus far and be stopped again was unendurable. He pointed out the protection and support he could afford her. The daughter assisted him; she pleaded also, even while they knew the counter-spirit was lurking by and listening.

She yielded. The three whispered together. The 15th of September was agreed upon.

"The 15th of September!" repeated a voice. They looked up. The brother, with his long forefinger on his lip stood erect behind them, with his eyes looking down at a sharp angle. They remained motionless, and presently he went away, muttering.

"That must not be the day," whispered the doctor.

"No, no," responded the others, trembling and hiding their faces in their hands.

There was a pause. The interval was made musical by the birds without and by the soft murmurs of the summer wind.

"Remember our *fête* this day-week," suggested the doctor.

They exchanged glances of quick intelligence, and silently applauded.

The doctor returned fiercely triumphant. Into this short interim there was compressed the anxieties of years. What was impending he could not dream. That there was a disaster about to fall he knew, but when he

could not guess. If it were withheld seven days, then he could snap his fingers.

Then he called his son, and gayly reviewed with him the excellences of his position, or, in other words, the qualities and properties of the mansion. It grew to a fabulous beauty in his eyes, and he felt that his acquisition of it would happily complete the sum of his achievements. To dwell hereafter in such shadows and in such an atmosphere, would enable one to look upon life as a glorious thing.

He was hopeful, elated, but not entirely at ease. At the old house the brother had become a cloud. He was on the alert; he seemed never to rest; he searched and examined every thing and everywhere. The servants were under his surveillance. The doctor found him always at his elbow, whispering his warnings. The ladies flew from him, though he only scowled at them. He rarely spoke aloud; yet he was alive, secret, and indomitable.

He knew of the *fête*. It was to be in the woods to the west of the house, at the distance of half a mile. It was given in honor of the birthday of the daughter, and there was to be a large company.

The day came, and it was auspicious. The brother was astir. Those who came from abroad simply glanced at him, and turned away. The bustle did not disconcert him. But those who knew him noticed his watchfulness, and shrank from him.

At three in the afternoon the people began to depart for the woods. The rush of wheels and the sounds of laughter were new and charming in the old precincts.

For one instant the mother and daughter and the doctor stood apart in the little room in which they usually met. All three, with a sudden impulse, drew together in an instant of elation. Anticipation and gladness were too clearly depicted upon their faces.

Suddenly they heard a sharp sound beside the door. They looked, and beheld their bane, with his clasped hands over his mouth, gazing with starting eyes at the wall. He had produced the sound by slapping his palms together, as one does sometimes in moments of surprise or discovery. They did not comprehend his attitude or behavior.

The doctor led the agitated ladies to their carriage, and then returned for some article that had been left. He encountered the brother. He motioned him aside. The doctor obeyed. He pulled open a shutter in one of the low windows which commanded the scene of the *fête*.

"I wish you to do me an act of politeness."

"Very well," said the doctor, on his guard.

"Will you collect your company on that little knoll in the glade which we see from here, at five o'clock?"

"We intended to lunch there at that hour," replied the doctor.

"Ah, indeed! Very well."

He seemed gratified. Then he caught the doctor by the arm, and, with an indescribable look, asked:

"You are pretty sure of it now, aren't you?"

"What?" asked the other—"sure of what?"

The brother, with the same motion as before, indicated the house. The doctor frowned.

"Oh, but I'll prevent you, my friend!"

Although these were the same words as those he had used before, his manner of saying them was far different. He laughed.

"Will he?" thought the doctor; and he laughed also.

The rivals retreated from each other, and turned away; and the doctor passed out of the door.

Five minutes later he looked back at the house—his house—that is, his house to be, ere his return to it. He saw with astonishment that every window-shutter in it was closed; but he said nothing, and began to chat with the ladies.

It was now half-past three.

At four they were dancing. The doctor and the lady seemed happy. The poor daughter, harassed and pale, now began to look herself. She was merry and bright-eyed. The music in the thicket pleased her, and seemed sweet to her ears.

All about them Nature had arranged one of her loveliest pictures. To the west and north there lay a range of blue and gently-swelling hills. To the south were a broad river and a bright town, from the midst of which there arose a white steeple; and toward it a few of the party gazed with significance. To the broad east lay the splendid ocean, calm, azure, glowing—here and there a white sail and a dark one. The air was soft, cool, and fragrant; the turf was rich, the leaves green, the forest tuneful. Here laughter came for enjoyment's sake, and one gazed and was repaid.

At a quarter of five the doctor turned toward the house, which looked sturdy and gray. It seemed hewn from a rock, for it was compact and solid. He was nervous. His heart beat quicker, and he held his watch in his hand. He did not like the look of the closed blinds. He would go down and see what it meant. He replaced his timepiece.

Suddenly some one exclaimed that a man was running from the house. Every one looked. The man was bounding along at his utmost speed, directly toward them, jumping the walls and fences at single leaps. The people exchanged glances. The doctor descended a little way; the lady clasped her hands; the daughter held her breath. The man gasped to the doctor:

"He! he! He's got the powder, and he's locked the door! It's the blasting-powder! We can't break in!"

The doctor ran for a step or two up the hill, and then a step or two down. His brain refused to direct him. He grasped at his watch; he could not pull it out; it caught somewhere. He tore it out, and shivered the crystal and pulled off the hands.

"Quick! quick!" cried he to the man. "What time is it? Tell me the time. Oh—"

He stopped, petrified. The man called back, "Five o'clock!" but he was not heard. The doctor was gazing at the house with glaring eyes. The company began to swarm down around him. He saw the brother dash

wildly out of the oak half-door, and fly into the field with his face turned back over his shoulder, and his arms stretched out before him.

Then some one cried there was a curl of smoke at the open door. There was a stupid silence.

Then all at once the broad, huge roof rose twenty feet into the air; a monstrous, cloudy column followed; fissures appeared in the walls; and a roar rose to the sky, and seemed to fall from everywhere; the huge stones sunk down; fiery brands floated in the air, and the terrible shower which fell overtook the hastening man and struck him down in his foot-steps. In twenty minutes every barn, stable, and shed, was in flames.

To fight for a luxury to the point of deception and dishonesty is one thing, but to encounter a tragedy in its pursuit is another. The doctor, overwhelmed and half maddened at the sight of his enemy's face, forgot the ruins; and he brought his son and his fortune to repair, as well as he could, the disaster he had caused. He has no mahogany wainscoting, no relics, no legends, no ancient manse, and but little peace of mind. He covered the gaping cellars, rebuilt the stables, erected a new stone-house of an old pattern; but neither he nor his good wife forget any thing.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLV.

THE TENDERNESS OF BESSIE.

KANE and Gwyn hurried on to Paris as soon as possible, and were not more than twenty-four hours behind Bessie. On the following day they arrived there, and drove first to Kane's lodgings. Then they went to the place where Inez had been, and learned that Bessie had taken her away, and that they had gone to the Hôtel Gascoigne. This news did not in any way lessen the anxiety that Kane had felt; for it seemed to him that this movement might carry both of them into the very hands of their worst enemy. It seemed to him that there could be no certainty of their safety until he could see Inez herself, and find out what her circumstances were; when, if there was really any appearance of danger, he might warn her, or confront Magrath himself. So great were his fears now, that he hardly expected to find either of the ladies, but was rather inclined to fear that Kevin Magrath, the moment that he found them both in his power, had contrived some specious pretext for conveying them to some other place, where they would be out of reach. It was with the dread of this at his heart, that he accompanied Gwyn to the Hôtel Gascoigne.

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

But the first thing that they heard on asking after the ladies drove away all fear. They were both there, and Kevin Magrath was there also. Kane was hardly prepared for such good news; and for a moment did not know what there was for him to do. He had come here in all haste as the champion of the oppressed, but the comfortable surroundings of Inez put the idea of any very imminent danger out of his head. She had Bessie with her, and here was Gwyn, who could be an additional protector.

Gwyn hurried up after the garçon to the apartments where his wife was, followed by Kane. On reaching the landing, there was a sudden cry of joy, and a beautiful being, all in the glory of golden hair and azure eyes, flung herself into Gwyn's arms.

"Sure, didn't I know you'd be here this blessed morning, Gwynne darling?" cried Bessie; "didn't I say you couldn't stay more than a day without me and be alive? and so I've been waiting here in the hall for hours and hours, so I have. But you're here at last, and that's all I want. And oh, ain't you very, very much fatigued, darling? and were you ever quite so happy in your life?"

To this torrent of loving words Gwyn said nothing. Such a reception overwhelmed him. He had expected some coldness—some hanging back. He had prepared himself for some humiliation on his own part. But this was the reality that awaited him—the utter forgetfulness of every thing but her love—this perfect forgiveness that did not leave room for any attempt at explanations. He could not utter a word, but pressed her, in silence and with moistened eyes, to his heart.

"And Kane, too!" cried Bessie, as soon as she could free herself from Gwyn's arms; "sure, but you're welcome, Kane dear, and it's great news that I've got to tell. Inez is here, safe and happy, and you'll want to see her."

She held out her little hand with a beaming smile, and Kane pressed it tenderly.

"You'll want to see Inez," said Bessie, as Kane hesitated.

By this time Kane had felt himself somewhat *de trop*. The exceeding and unexpected warmth of this greeting between husband and wife did not seem warranted by so short a separation, even on the grounds of their being yet hardly out of their honey-moon; but still, there it was, and he saw the intense agitation of Gwyn, and suspected that something had taken place before Bessie's flight from Ruthen Towers which had caused that flight and Gwyn's present emotion. He saw that some explanations or other were probably required by these two, and therefore concluded to retire for the present.

"Well," said he, at length, "I think I'll look in again. She is well, you say?"

"Better than I ever knew her. But you'd better come in and see her. She'll be awfully disappointed."

"Oh, I'll come again some time to-day," said Kane; "it's—it's—a little inconvenient just now—ah, under the circumstances—so I'll only ask you to remember me very kindly to her, and tell her that I hope to see her this evening."

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rather more faintly, but Kane persisted in his refusal, and at length retreated, leaving the husband and wife to themselves.

All this had taken place on the landing of the stairway. As soon as Kane retired, Bessie took Gwyn's arm fondly and led him to her rooms. Inez was not there, and Gwyn was better pleased to be alone with his wife.

Here they sat down side by side, quite lover-fashion, while Gwyn was so overcome by his unexpected happiness that he had not yet found words, but sat devouring her with his eyes. Bessie looked tenderly at him, and, with one of her characteristic smiles, exclaimed :

"Sure, I oughtn't to be so forgiving, so I oughtn't, and there you have it. But oh, I was so awfully glad to see you, you know, Gwynnie dear."

"And—do—do you really forgive me?" faltered Gwyn.

"Oh, come now, we won't talk about it, sure actions speak louder than words, and my actions have spoken very, very loudly, Gwynnie darling, so they have."

"O darling, I shall never be able to forgive myself."

"Oh, come, Gwynnie, sure we won't talk about it at all, at all. It was only a mislabeled fancy of yours, so it was, a wild deluder notion, but, tell me, sure you didn't go and tell Kane about it then?"

"Tell Kane! Of course not, darling. How could I?"

"Of course not. How could you? Surely not."

"I dare say he's noticed trouble on my face and in my manner."

"Like enough, for it was very, very sad, and is one of those things, Gwynnie darling, that one really can't think about. Its positively too heart-breaking. And I won't say I didn't feel it up myself, for I did, but you know I couldn't bring myself to have a scene with you about it, and I thought, Gwynnie, that the best way to do was to leave you to yourself, when you'd find out your mistake the sooner, so you would; and my first intention was only to go to Mordaunt Manor; but, on my way there, I thought of poor, dear, darling Inez, and decided that it would be very much nicer and better for her, and for you, and for myself, to come here and see her. And that's just the very thing I did, you know, and so you see, Gwynnie darling, it's my opinion that we had better not mention it again, for really you know, darling, it isn't a thing that one can very well say much about. Besides, I'm so bursting with the wonderful discovery I've made. And oh, what in the wide world will dear Kane say and think? and oh, Gwynnie darling, how I do wish he had stayed and seen her! For she's here, you know; I found her and brought her here, and she's here now, so she is, the jool of life!"

"You mean Inez?" asked Gwyn, with a sigh.

"Inez? Of course. Who else? And what do you think? Oh, you would never guess—never, never! Oh, it's the very strangest thing and the gladdest thing, so it is!"

"What is it?" asked Gwyn, who won-

dered what that could be which was able to excite Bessie at such a moment as this. For his own part, all the rest of the world seemed then a matter of indifference.

"You'd never guess, so you wouldn't—never—and so I'll have to tell you," said Bessie, "though I don't think you will really believe it, at all at all, that is, not just at first, you know, for it's so awfully funny, Gwynnie dear. It's this: You know my darling Inez, how I love her, and all that sort of thing, and we've always been just like sisters, too, you know—oh, she's such a darling!—well, do you know, Gwynnie dear, I've just found out that she really is my very own sister."

"Your what? Your sister? Why, what do you mean? How can that be?" asked Gwyn, in great amazement, and thoroughly roused now by this startling intelligence.

"Sure I mean what I say; things have come to light that I never knew before, and there isn't the least doubt in life but it's all gospel truth, so it is; and only think of my own darling Inez being my own sister!"

"What! is her name *Inez Mordaunt!*?" asked Gwyn, in amazement.

"Sure and it is, and I got things all mixed up in my mind, so I did. I was told my name was Inez, though they always called me Bessie, but it's my other sister that owned the name, after all; and don't you think it's all awfully funny, Gwynnie darling?"

"Why, I don't know what to think, for I don't understand it at all; but I'm very glad, indeed, darling Bessie, if you are. I care for no one but you."

"And sure and I don't care much for anybody but you, Gwynnie, if it comes to that," said Bessie, giving him a look of touching fondness, and trustful, innocent affection, that sent a thrill of rapture through Gwyn's heart. The consequences that might ensue from her thus finding another sister did not occur to him. He did not think of asking whether this sister was older or younger. The heritage of Mordaunt Manor was at that moment of no interest to him. The presence of Bessie was enough, and the certainty that she loved him still prevented him from feeling any uneasiness about the future. It was from her, or rather for her sake, that the temptation had come to him on the top of the hill; and now, for her sake, he had become for the time indifferent to wealth, to rank, to title, to every thing, except the love that he felt for her.

Bessie went on to tell him all that she knew about it—her narrative comprising that which Kevin Magrath had told her and Inez while they were together—but of course not touching upon those disclosures which he had made to Inez alone.

"So you see, Gwynnie dearest," said she, as she concluded, "Mordaunt Manor isn't mine now, at all at all, so it isn't, no more than Ruthven Towers is yours, not a bit; and the long and the short of it is, Gwynnie, that you and I are two beggars, and don't you call that awfully funny, now?"

Gwyn looked at her with moist eyes, and, drawing her closer to his heart, he kissed her fair brow.

"Darling!" said he, fervently, "I never valued your love so much before, and it is so precious to me that, if I lost all the rest that I have in the world, I should not care. Let Ruthven Towers go. Let Mordaunt Manor go. It will be strange if I cannot take care of you still. As long as I have you I am content."

"And O Gwynnie," continued Bessie, "wasn't it the wonderful thing that I said—you remember, of course—it was, maybe my sister might be alive and come forward. I meant my sister Clara, for I thought I was Inez, but Clara, poor darling, is dead, glory be with her, and so it's not Clara, but Inez, that has appeared; and do you know, Gwynnie dear, the more I think of all this the funnier it seems—now, doesn't it? And then, again, it does seem so awfully funny, you know, for you to give up your title, and for me to give up mine, and for both of us to be plain Mr. and Mrs., and that, too, after all our splendor, and all the congratulations of the county, and to have to work for our living. Really, Gwynnie dear, it makes me laugh."

Gwyn smiled, out of pure delight, to see Bessie taking this approach of adversity so pleasantly.

"And I thought, so I did," continued Bessie, "that poor, darling Clara was alive, perhaps, after all; but no, it seems she is really dead, for do you know, Gwynnie dear, poor, dear papa, before he came to Mordaunt Manor, visited her grave here, and then he and dear grandpa Magrath—who really isn't my grandpa, you know, after all, but I must call him so still—well, those two had the remains of poor, dear Clara exhumed and taken to Rome, where they buried her again by the side of poor, dear mamma, who, it seems, is buried there also. And oh, it's very sad, so it is, to find out, after all, that really she is so very, very dead, you know!"

"And you know, Gwynnie dear," continued Bessie, after a few moments of mournful thought, "dear Inez is going to Rome, for she remembers dear Clara, and, having lost her in life, she longs to go, as she says, and pray over her grave. For dear grandpa says that poor, dear Clara was not well treated, at all at all, and there was sadness and sorrow about her death."

"And then, again," resumed Bessie, "there's another reason why dear Inez is willing to go, for there's a great friend of hers—and of dear Kane's, too, and of mine, too, for that matter—Dr. Blake, the one that attended poor, dear Guardy Wyverne; well, dear grandpa says that Dr. Blake is in Rome; that 'he's settled down' there, and is likely to remain; and I think dear Inez is rather in hopes of seeing him somewhere about Rome, and so you see, Gwynnie dear, she has two very strong reasons for going, and dear grandpa is going to take her."

"Does she know of her father's death?" asked Gwyn.

"Sure and she must. Grandpa had a long talk alone with her, and told her all about every thing, and things, too, that he didn't want me to hear, about my infancy, I believe, for fear it would make me too sad; and, after it all was over, she looked at me—

O Gwynnie! such a look—so awfully sad and sorrowful! And oh, but I had the sore heart for her, poor darling! and I didn't dare to say a word, for sure it seemed to me just as though I'd been serving her as Jacob did Esau—just for all the wide world as though I had taken her name and place—for poor, darling papa took me for Inez, and died blessing me as Inez. But really, Gwynnie darling, it wasn't my fault, so it wasn't—for didn't I think I was Inez? Sure I did. Still, that doesn't change matters for her, and, however innocent I was about it, the fact remains—and oh, but it must be the sorry fact for her! But, if any one's to blame, it's poor Guardy Wyverne, who went and changed her name. And oh, but it was hard on her, so it was, for she's suffered more than her share on account of it. And I can't help feeling that I've had a share in the wrong, and that I've been happy at her expense. And I'm anxious to make some amends, and I won't be able to be happy, at all at all, unless I do something to console her. I'm her chief consolation now—and oh, but it's the blessed thing that I hurried on as I did!"

Bessie stopped, and looked with an expression of anxious inquiry at her husband.

"Gwynnie dearest," said she, in her most winning tone.

"Well, darling?"

"I'm going to tell you something now that you won't like; but it must be done, and I won't keep you in suspense about it. I have told Inez that I would devote myself to her for a short time, and that we would be just as we used to be. She objected, poor darling, and said that she would not like to take me from you; but I laughed, and said that you would not object if I wanted it, and that you would be willing to do any little thing you could if it would be for her good. And so you will, Gwynnie dear, for here is my dear sister Inez, the one that I've wronged so much without knowing it, and she's suffered awfully, and she needs loving care and attention, and I am the only living being that can give her this. So please, Gwynnie dear, don't be after looking so dismal, for there are duties that I have in the world besides those I owe to you, and I'm not the one to stand by and see my darling Inez—my new-found sister—after suffering so much, left alone without any congenial friends. Of course, dear grandpa would do every thing in the wide world for her, so he would; but he is not what she wants, at all at all, nor is Mrs. Lurgin. She wants an old friend—an equal—her sister—myself—and it's myself that's the only one she can get comfort from. And so, Gwynnie, as I know you have a tender heart, and are not selfish, why, sure you'll quietly let me go for a while, and devote myself to my sweet sister."

This proposal threw great gloom over Gwyn. Yet the recollection of his own deep offence, and the total and complete reconciliation with Bessie, and her sweet and graceful forgiveness, all made it impossible for him to oppose her wishes, especially when expressed for such a purpose.

"And must I go home?" he asked, drowsily.

"Go home, is it? Not you. You must

come to Rome. Go home! Why, what an awful idea, Gwynnie darling! Oh, no. You must come on to Rome, and perhaps dear Kane may come, too. Bring him; you'll both be the happier for it, and we'll see one another all the time. When I said I was going to devote myself to Inez, I didn't mean that I was going away from you altogether. I want to have you near, Gwynnie darling, and see you every day."

Gwyn gave a sigh of relief.

"I'll pretend that I'm a lover again, Bessie darling," said he, sadly.

"Oh, yes, do—do, dear, darling Gwynnie; it will be so awfully nice, and funny, and all that. And you must bring Kane to Rome for company. He'll want, perhaps, to come with the rest of us, and join in our prayers over dear Clara's grave. Oh, how awfully nice! Only think—that is, I don't exactly mean nice—but you understand, dear. I want to ask himself, if I only can. But he'll be here this evening; he must come to see dear Inez; she talks so much about him. Besides, he'll be glad to know that every thing is explained"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### BEFORE HIS JUDGE

On returning to Kane's apartments, Gwyn told him all that he had heard from Bessie, to which Kane listened in the utmost amazement. Many circumstances were explained, yet many more were inexplicable to him as yet. Above all, he could not understand how it was, if Bernal Mordaunt had died at Mordaunt Manor, that he could have written from his death-bed in Paris. These two things seemed irreconcilable, nor could Gwyn give him any satisfaction. Soon, however, there were other things mentioned which drew all Kane's thoughts away from the affairs of Inez. This was the statement that the remains of Clara had been exhumed, and had been taken to Rome for burial; and also the announcement that Blake had gone to Rome, and had "settled down in that place for good."

Both of these facts were to him of overwhelming importance. In his friendship for Blake he rejoiced to learn that he was well, though he could not help wondering why he had remained so silent. But this was of comparative unimportance in view of the astounding news about the remains of Clara.

Kane's feelings about his lost wife have been sufficiently described. It was to be near her loved remains that he had come to Paris—it was for this sake only that he lived here. Other places would have been preferable to him, but the presence here of Clara's remains gave to Paris an interest that no other place could have. It had been his habit to pray at stated times over her grave, and the anniversary of that awful day when they were separated was always observed by him with fasting and prayer. He had not been near her grave since that night of the "apparition" at Père-la-Chaise; but the anniversary was not far distant, and he would have to go there, no matter what might be his feelings, and observe the usual solemnities.

Now he learned to his amazement what had happened. This fact at once broke into all the even tenor of his life, and made it necessary for him to make some change. The removal of those precious relics destroyed all motives for remaining here. Where those remains were, there he must go. The state of his feelings was such that life was only tolerable near all that was mortal of her whom he loved, and the first thought that he had when Rome was mentioned was that he must leave Paris and go there. The information that Kevin Magrath, and Inez, and Bessie, were all going there to "pray over that grave," only intensified his desires to do the same, and all other thoughts became indifferent to him.

What he should do first was now the question. He was anxious to see Kevin Magrath. This man's character had undergone a fresh revolution in his mind. When he had first seen him, he had formed of him such an opinion that he seemed a sort of accusing witness, an avenger of blood, a relentless Nemesis. After hearing the story of Inez, he had been changed into a remorseless villain, a dark schemer and intriguer. Now, however, he appeared once more in the former light. Whatever might be the mystery that remained, it seemed evident to Kane, from Bessie's words, and the acts of herself and Inez, that the last judgment about Kevin Magrath was wrong. It seemed now as though he must have been the faithful friend of Bernal Mordaunt and his children; a just man; a tender-hearted guardian; a loyal friend; one who had been the champion of unprotected innocence, and one, too, who had felt merciful even to the guilty, whose former guilt he had resisted and denounced.

Yet the prospect of meeting with this man had in it something so terrible for Kane that he shrank from it. For Kevin Magrath once more seemed to be the avenger of the injured Clara. He could not help recalling his look, his attitude, and his words, during that memorable evening in London—those awful words, every one of which had pierced like a stab to his heart. To go now to this man would be to expose himself to a repetition of this painful scene, to receive fresh wounds, and encounter fresh sufferings. Yet to do so was necessary. This man had assisted in the removal of Clara. He himself must have touched the casket that held that precious treasure, and from that touch the man himself seemed now to Kane's imagination to have acquired a kind of awful sanctity. To meet him would be more painful than ever, but it was necessary in order to obtain accurate information about the place in which they had laid the remains of his lost darling.

Kane therefore yielded to this necessity, and that evening called at the hotel along with Gwyn. Inez and Bessie were both in the room waiting for them. Kane greeted Inez with affectionate cordiality, and congratulated her most sincerely upon the favorable change in her affairs. But his thoughts were so occupied with the chief purpose of this visit that he did not question her very particularly, and the conversation took a general turn, which was at length interrupted by the entrance of Kevin Magrath.

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He looked around with a beaming smile, which was at once benevolent and paternal. Bessie introduced him to Gwyn. He shook hands with him cordially with some warm words of welcome, and then, catching sight of Kane, advanced toward him.

"Mr. Hellville—ah—Hellmuth, sure it's glad I am to see ye here! It's sorry I was the last time I saw ye that ye had to make yer ajieus before the evening had begun. I hope we may be able to-night to pass the time in a more suitable manner."

Saying this, he shook hands with Kane very warmly, and went on to chat with Gwyn, and Bessie, and Inez, one by one, in the easiest and pleasantest way in the world.

"There's no one going that knows Rome better than I do," said he, in reply to some remark of Bessie's about their journey. "Don't I know it? Haven't I lived there, off and on, for years? Meself has. There isn't a cardinal of the holy conclave that I don't know, in and out. And they're a fine body of min intirely, so they are, but it's a pity they're so many of them Italians. In a constitutional kingdom, as Italy now is, there's a wonderful chance for the holy father, if he only knew how to avail himself of it. If they only wint to work the way they do in Ireland and America, they could howld the destinies of Italy and of the wurruld in the hollows of their hands. But they don't comprehend, and they won't, till another generation comes along that grows into the new order of things. Ye see, what I always tell them is this: Ye must conforrum more to the spirit of the age. It's a liberal age and a constitutional age. Ye must be liberal and constitutional. It's no use excommunicating kings and emperors, and prime ministers and sinators. Look at the way they do in America. They take possession of the ballot-box, and thus become shupreme. Go, says I, into politics, bald-headed! Direct the votes of the people. They're all yours. Out of twenty millions of Italians how many d'ye think ye have on yer own side? There's tin million females. Out of the other tin million min five million are boys who are all under the control of their mothers. Out of the remaining five million adult min four million are adult pisnts, altogether under the control of the priesthood, and riddy to vota as they suggest. It is a great allowance to suppose a single million as belonging to the Antipapal or Liberal party. If ye wint among these, ye'd find numerous ways of gaining control of three-quarters of them. Me own opinion is that, out of the twenty millions of Italians, there's only two hundred thousand min who can be called Liberals. And what could they do? Get universal suffrage and the ballot-box, and ye'd swamp them, so ye would. Ye howld the destinies of the country in yer power, and all ye've got to do is, like children of Israel at the Red Sea, whin Moses came to them as I do to you and said, as I now say, 'Go forward;' or, like the same, when Joshua the son of Nun said to them, 'Behold the promised land! Go ye up and possess it!'"

From such high themes as these the conversation gradually faded away—Gwyn absorbing Bessie, and Kevin Magrath alternately addressing Inez and Kane. But Inez evi-

dently took no interest in what she considered politics, and thus Kane was left as the only collocutor or listener or whatever else he may have been. Collocutor he certainly was not, however, for he simply listened, not attending particularly to Kevin Magrath's remarks, but rather thinking about the best way of seeing him alone, so as to ask him about those things which now were uppermost in his mind. At length Inez left the room. Gwyn and Bessie were taken up with each other, and then it was that Kane made known his feelings.

"I should like very much," said he, "to ask you about some things that are of importance to me. Can I see you alone for a few moments?"

Kevin Magrath smiled graciously.

"With the greatest plisure in life," said he. "Come along with me to me own room, and we'll make a night of it."

With these words he rose and led the way along the corridor to a room at the end of it. Entering this, Kane found himself in a large and elegantly-furnished apartment, opening into a bedroom. On a sideboard were bottles, decanters, and tobacco-boxes. On the table was a meerschaum-pipe, a box of cigars, and the latest *Galignani*.

Kevin Magrath rolled up an easy-chair beside the table.

"Make yerself comfortable," said he, cheerily. "Ye'll take something warrum, won't ye—and a pipe or so? I've whiskey here by me, Scotch or Irish—'Cælum non animum mutant,' ye know; 'qui trans mare currunt,' and, for my part, I carry a bottle of Irish whiskey with me wherever I go—and Scotch too, for that matter; though, on the whole, I object to Scotch whiskey, for it savor somewhat of Calvinism. Howandiver, ye'll take one or the other."

Kane mildly suggested Irish.

Kevin Magrath smiled.

"It's charrumed I am with yer taste, and I take it as a compliment to me country," and he poured out a wineglassful, which he handed to Kane, after which he poured out another for himself. "Here," said he, "lifting it to his lips, "here is a libation which I've powred out in honor of old Ireland, let's drink to the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

They both drank solemnly.

"And now," said Kevin Magrath, "having performed the first juties of hospitality, I'm altogether at your service. But won't ye take a pipe or a cigar?"

Kane declined.

"The fact is," said he, drawing a long breath, "my name is not Hellmuth."

"The devil it isn't!" said Kevin Magrath.

"Circumstances," said Kane, "made it necessary for me on my former visit to take that name. At present there is no such necessity. I have dropped it, and have taken my own again."

"Deed, thin," said Kevin Magrath, "I hope that yer circumstances, whatever they are, have changed for the better."

Kane sighed, and regarded the other gloomily and fixedly.

"My name," said he, is a familiar one to you. It is Kane Ruthven. I am the man

that married Clara Mordaunt, and caused her death. I wish to talk to you about her. I wish also to show you that, for any evil which I did to her whom I loved, I have atoned for by life-long remorse."

At the first mention of this name a sudden and astonishing change came over Kevin Magrath. His easy, placid smile passed away, a dark frown came over his brows, he pushed his chair back and started to his feet, and regarded Kane with a black, scowling face.

"You!" he cried.

"Yes," said Kane.

Kevin Magrath looked at him for some time with the same expression, but gradually the severity of his features began to relax.

"I've prayed," said he, slowly, "and I've longed for the time to come whin I could see ye face to face; and thin again I've longed and I've prayed that I might never see ye. I've prayed to see ye that I might have vengeance for Clara's bitter wrongs, for her betrayal, for her broken heart, for her death, for the dishonor of a noble name, and the shame of a lofty lineage; and I've prayed not to see ye, so that I might niver have another man's blood on my hands, for I felt sure that, if I ever did see ye, that momint I'd have yer heart's-blood. But, somehow," continued he, after a moment's pause, "somehow—now that I do see ye face to face—sure, I don't know how it is at all at all, but the desire for bloody vengince has gone out of me; and ye seem to have the face of a man that's paid the full painalty already of any wrong ye've ever done, so ye do. And whither it is this that's the matther, or whither it is that I can't rise against the man that's drunk with me—but sure to glory I'm changed—and so I say to you, Kane Ruthven, in the name of God, what is it that ye seek me for, and have ye any thing to say for yerself in reguard to yer dealings with the young gyerrul that ye—destroyed?"

Kevin Magrath's manner was most impressive. It was that of a lofty, rigid, impartial judge, who will exact strict justice, yet is not altogether disinclined to mercy. Kane sustained his gaze with tranquillity, and looked at him with a solemn, sombre brow. When he had finished, he said:

"You are mistaken about me in many ways, and, when you hear what I have to say, you will have a less harsh opinion of me than the one you expressed in London."

"Go on, then; let me hear what you have to say, for it's myself that would be the proud man if ye could clear yerself of any of the guilt that's seemed to be attached to ye."

Kane now proceeded to tell his whole story. He told it frankly and fully, heaping blame upon himself lavishly, yet clearing himself of all those worse charges which Magrath had uttered against him.

After it was over, Magrath remained musing for a long time.

"Sure," said he, at last, "there was villainy, though not with you. Your brother was hard, but it was my poor frind Hennigar Wyverne that was the arch-traitor and rogue. But how in the wurruld did it happen that Clara did not know herself that she was the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt, and heiress of Mordaunt Manor?"

"I can't account for it at all."

"I've heard it stated on imminint authority," said Magrath, "that a boy who leaves his home, or is taken from his home, at the age of ten, and is thrown into a foreign land among strangers, will in five years forget his own name, his father's name, and his native language. I never believed it before, but now this looks like it. Clara lost her home and her father at ten; she had not lived regularly at Mordaunt Manor either, and was sent into France; and thus it has happened that she forgot in a few years the most important things."

"It must have been so," said Kane. "She knew her name, but had no recollection of Mordaunt Manor—at least she said nothing about it—and she certainly had no idea that she was an heiress."

Another long silence followed.

"Kane Ruthven," said Magrath, at last—"or perhaps I ought to say Sir Kane—what you have said clears you completely and utterly from the suspicions which I had formed about you. You have not been guilty, as I now see, of any thing worse than carelessness, or thoughtlessness. For that you have suffered enough. I must say that my conscience condemns suicide, and in that act ye were clearly wrong; it was unnecessary; she would have drifted home or into my hands, for I was close upon her track at that very time. Howandiver, what's done can't be undone, and, as ye're an innocent and a suffering man, why—there's my hand."

With this he reached out his hand. Kane took it, and Magrath shook it heartily.

"I have understood," said Kane, anxiously and hesitatingly, "that—that she—she was removed from the cemetery."

"It was her father's wish," said Magrath, "that she should be buried beside her mother in Rome."

"She is now in Rome, then?"

"Yes, with her mother; and the other two daughters, Inez and Bessie, are going to pray over the graves for the repose of the souls of their mother and their sister."

"I should think that they would have been taken rather to Mordaunt Manor."

"It was Bernal Mordaunt's doing," said Magrath. "But they are all united, for Bessie's filial piety has accomplished one of the last wishes of her father; and, while she was living at Ruthven Towers, her father's remains were exhumed and taken to Rome."

Kane hardly heard these last words. His mind was occupied exclusively with thoughts of Clara. Magrath's information was conclusive. It was what he had wished to know, and there was nothing more to be learned. About the affairs of Inez he thought no more. She was safe now with loving friends; the mysterious circumstances about her late imprisonment were no doubt satisfactorily explained, and he himself had no further interest in the matter.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction, however, that Kane reflected on the formal acquittal which Magrath had given him of evil acts. For Magrath was now to him a stern, a just, and a wise judge, from whom a declaration of this sort was valuable, indeed. There was at the conclusion of this interview

a deeper solemnity than usual in the manner of each of them, and Magrath did not press him to stay, or ask him again to take a drink.

That night Gwyn bade Bessie farewell. She was to start with Inez early on the following morning for Rome.

"You'll come on soon, Gwynnie darling," said she, tenderly.

"Immediately, of course, Bessie dearest."

"And you'll bring dear Kane?"

"Of course."

Bessie looked at him earnestly.

"We're beggars now, so we are, Gwynnie dear, but I love you, and we can be as happy in our poverty as ever we were in our wealth, so we can."

Gwyn pressed her to his heart and left.

As he walked away, his heart was full of bitterness. Kane and Inez seemed now like interlopers, who had come between him and his darling, casting her down from the wealth and luxury with which he had thought he had endowed her. Kane again had been the innocent cause of this foul wrong which he had done his wife, and Inez came forward as her supplanter in Mordaunt Manor, and also as in some sort a rival to himself, since she had drawn Bessie away from him.

All these things filled his heart with bitterness, and with these feelings he sought Kane's apartments that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BIRDS' WINGS.

### PHILOSOPHY OF FLYING.

OUR readers have often observed the flight of birds, if not like Romulus and Remus in fabled history to gather divination therefrom, at least to admire one of the beauties of animated Nature. Doubtless, they have watched with delight the hopping of the sparrow from twig to twig, the heavy flapping of the crow over the cornfield, the steady march of the wild-pigeons in countless numbers to the forest, the rapid raid of the swallow joyfully whirling about in the sunshine, the coursing of the night-hawk through the evening air; they have admired the magnificent sailing of the kite floating high up in endless gyrations, exhibiting the very poetry of motion, or they have wondered with Solomon at the "way of the eagle in the air," soaring to the eyrie in the rock. They have heard repeatedly that all the works of the Creator evince design, but very likely they have never studied the bird's wing in connection with the question of adaptation of means to an end as exhibited in that organ. They know that wings are necessary to the act of flying. Angels are depicted with wings; not only fat little angels upon tombstones, but cherubim and seraphim. The Bible even speaks in figure of the wind having wings. The classical reader will recollect how Daedalus made wings of feathers and wax for himself and his son Icarus, and how the latter fell into the sea and perpetuated his name through his misfortune. Every lover of Italian remembers Tasso's exquisite description of the celestial messenger Gabriel, and the balancing of his wings upon Mount Libanus be-

fore he darted down into the camp of Godfrey de Bouillon. Wherever there is any flying to be done, we read of wings.

Solomon "spake of fowl," but, as his work on natural history has not come down to us, we cannot say whether he solved the mystery of flying. We incline to think, however, as he wondered at "the way of the eagle in the air," that his wisdom did not attain to the point in question. In fact, it is only of late years that some of the delusions which have existed in regard to flying have been exposed, and the "way of the eagle in the air" has been fairly demonstrated.

The former Duke of Argyll, a man of retired habits, but much interested in mechanics and the application of practical science, attracted by the motion of birds in the air, was induced to make an investigation of the subject, which resulted in his developing the "Theory of Flight." This theory has been further elaborated by his son, the present duke, whose devotion to philosophy and science has illustrated his order and distinguished his name. We purpose to glean from the writings of the duke the leading points connected with the "theory" referred to, and also with the aid of information from other sources to give an idea of birds' wings and explain the mechanics of flying.

It is manifest that a bird is much heavier than the atmosphere; that, when one is shot dead, it will drop to the ground, even with its wings extended, in obedience to the force of gravity. Every force is the expression of a law which never varies; it acts always and in the same way. The physical universe would become unsettled, were it not so. But every force may be compensated, and every law may be met by another law, so that resultant action is as certain as the operation of the original laws and forces. Hence, not understanding how a heavy body can swim in the air, some writers, following out a conjectural plan of compensation in forces, have put forth the hypothesis of buoyancy, assuming it to be a fact, and explanatory of the whole difficulty.

"The weight of birds," says Child, "is familiarly known to everybody. There is, in fact, no very striking difference in this respect between them and the other animals that live upon the ground, and it is obvious that mere wing-flapping alone would be insufficient to sustain them in the air, were they not aided by other means. As bones are the heaviest of the structures which enter into the composition of birds, it might naturally be expected they would offer the chief impediment to flight: and such would undoubtedly have been the case had not Nature, by a slight deviation from the general rule, converted what would have been a drawback into a source of assistance. Animals, whose movements are on the rough surface of the ground, require to have bones of great strength and density to enable them to withstand the shocks and strains to which they are liable; but birds, whose chief movements are in the air, do not require bones of such solidity. Nature, therefore, by forming them into hollow cylinders, has given them the shape which mechanically combines the greatest strength with the greatest lightness; and, after every particle of superfluous bony matter

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has been thus removed, the interior of the bone is generally filled with air instead of marrow, by which the weight is still further reduced. Not only does air pass freely into the bones of birds, often down to the ends of the small bones composing the toes, the tips of the wings, and even into the quills of the feathers, but, by means of a peculiar system of air-cells or receptacles, it is diffused all over the body, with an abundance which corresponds to the flight-power of the bird. These air-cells are in free communication with the air-passages of the lungs, and many of them can be inflated or emptied at will. They are of large size in the thorax and abdomen; occasionally they reach high up in the neck, forming, as it were, a balloon in front of the body, and they are, generally, very widely distributed under the skin. In birds distinguished for their power of flight, such as the solan-goose, albatross, and pelican, the air not only fills the bones, but surrounds the viscera, insinuates itself between the muscles, and buoys up the entire skin. The whole body is like an inflated balloon. The circumstance, however, which chiefly promotes buoyancy, and gives to this remarkable arrangement its lifting power, is the comparatively high temperature of the included air. Birds are warmer-blooded than mammals; thus, while the internal temperature of man seldom exceeds 98° Fahr., that of birds varies from 106° to 112° Fahr. This higher temperature is an indispensable requirement of their great muscular energy, and it, no doubt, also helps to counteract that tendency to cold which necessarily arises from their rapid movements both in air and water. But the purpose served by this high temperature to which we now draw attention is that it acts as a furnace to heat the air within the bones and cells. In circulating round the walls of the cavities containing air, the blood imparts to the latter a portion of its own warmth, just as a service of hot-water pipes heats the air in a room round which it is carried. The heated air, of course, renders the whole bird buoyant, on the principle of a fire-balloon or caoutchouc-ball, both of which readily rise into the air on being warmed. When the weight of the bird has thus been brought more or less into equilibrium with the surrounding air, the action of the wings easily lifts it from the ground. How completely this equilibrium is sometimes attained, even in the case of very large and heavy birds, may be inferred from the fact that the gigantic condor of the Andes is occasionally seen wheeling in circles for hours together without the aid of a single flap from its wings. The perfection of buoyancy is even more wonderfully displayed by the frigate-bird of the Atlantic, which is said not only to rest its wings, but even to slumber as it floats in the air like a balloon."

We have given the above full quotation in order to show clearly what is the old-fashioned and popular view of the subject. Objections to it will readily suggest themselves to every reflecting mind. If a bird is thus charged with heated air, why does it not rise incontinently from the branch of a tree? Instead of sitting quietly on the branch, in obedience to the law of gravity, it would

have to use muscular effort to stay down. A bird would hardly alight to enjoy such repose. Further, if a bird resembles a balloon or a caoutchouc-ball, it would, like them, be entirely at the mercy of the wind, which we know it is not, unless the wind be a hurricane or whirlwind; and birds are not prone to go out in hurricanes or whirlwinds any more than men, for they have a pretty good judgment in regard to the weather. When they do chance to get caught in a hurricane, they generally find themselves blown about until the wind abates, or they perish from its violence. Inventors of flying-machines have been posed hitherto by this very difficulty in regard to the wind. They can secure temporary buoyancy, but they cannot obtain either momentum to overcome the wind or find an adequate fulcrum with which to guide the air-boat. The latter rises, floats for a time, and is driven by the wind until a wreck ensues. No one has ever yet succeeded in stopping even at a castle in the air. Now, a bird breasts the storm, revels in the gale, outstrips a fierce wind, and goes whither it will; flies, floats, poises, alights—in fine, is master of itself and of the situation. Hence some other elucidation of the mystery than the old-fashioned, fallacious one must be sought. As wings are, in heaven and on earth, the organs of flight, evidently we must look for the explanation chiefly in them.

The construction of a bird is peculiar, and, like all God's work, exhibits admirable adaptation to the end intended. Its body resembles in shape the egg from which it came, set with the big end forward. Its frame is compact, the pectoral bones being nearly solid, while the long bones are hollow, and filled with air as much as possible. Thus lightness and strength are combined in the highest degree, and the external pressure of the atmosphere is compensated. Besides, the internal air-system which is elaborated in the organization of a bird, which has been set forth in the extract from Child's work, gives the bird immense lung-power. That is its purpose; and it is one of vast importance to a bird, which needs to be very long-winged and very strong, neither of which capabilities can be had without more lung-force than their unaided lungs would afford. Hence the bird is, in some sense, all lungs, and has a power proportioned to its breathing process. A pigeon will consume more air than a kitten.

The pectoral muscles are very powerful—the shoulders being kept apart and sustained by the merry-thought—and the sinews which work the wings are exceedingly tense and elastic.

The whole body is covered by the plumage, which, in birds of some size, does not exceed two or three ounces in weight, thus affording a dress which is adapted to any temperature, of which many birds experience great varieties and great extremes, as it can be opened or shut at pleasure, and, at the same time, is easy-fitting and light—important considerations to the owner who cannot, like John Gilpin, "carry weight."

The head of the bird is set upon a flexible neck, so that it can see in any direction without turning the body. The legs are attached in such wise that, when tucked up, as they

always are by all good fliers when in motion, they do not take away from the egg-like shape of the body, or interfere with its general balance.

The wings, likewise, are so set that they hold the body in equilibrium. They vary in size and shape according to the character of the bird. Birds which fly little have short, round wings; birds which live in the air have very long—sometimes extending fourteen feet—narrow, sharp wings. There is every sort of wing, from the thick, puffed wing of the grouse to the ribbon of the swift. The species of the bird and its mode of life determine its peculiar organs. The main feathers of the wing are peculiar; they are those in the eagle, the swan, and the goose, out of which quills are made for writing. They are curved, and the air circulates freely through them, thus insuring their lightness and strength, as well as elasticity, for which characteristics they are remarkable. The quill, or root, is deeply and firmly embedded in the bone-frame. From the quill, or in continuation, the shaft extends to the tip of the feather, dividing it into two vanes, of which the upper is shorter and stiffer than the lower. The last-mentioned feature is worthy of special notice, as it enables the feathers to be imbricated in such a way that the shafts will lie parallel and near as possible together, thus affording the utmost strength to the armature. The impingement of the superior feathers is upward, being precisely the reverse of what one would suppose without examination. There is an important reason for this arrangement of the quill-feathers and their seconds. For instance, draw your hand down the upper surface of a wing, and you will open the imbrication; draw your hand down the under-side of the wing, and you will close it tight. The vanes are further locked by barbules, which hook their leaflets together. This compact arrangement adds to the strength of the feathers, and also causes the wing to rustle in cutting the air. Owls have no barbules, which accounts for their silent motion.

The frame of the wing is divided into three main sections—the shoulder, the forearm, or pinion, and the hand. They are so arranged that the wing can be folded close to the side, or extended more or less at pleasure.

The feathers which arm the wing vary with the section to which they are attached. The outer, upper, and main feathers, we have described. The other superior feathers are straight and equally vanned. Besides, there is a coating, or padding, of other feathers, which we need not describe particularly, as our readers have all, no doubt, often looked at birds' wings.

The tail is horizontal with the plane of the bird, though some birds have extra tail-feathers, which are variously set, as the cock, the pheasant, etc. The horizontal feathers are like the subsidiary feathers of the wings, straight and equally vanned.

The wings and tails of birds frequently differ in color from other parts of the body, and are generally marked for their variety of hue and great beauty. "The plumage has been perfected," as Child well observes, "by giving to birds, and especially to water-fowl,

the power to secrete an oily matter, which, smeared over the feathers, renders them impervious to moisture. All must have observed that, when a bird is dead, and can no longer diffuse thin oil over its feathers, the water soaks in, and soon spoils the plumage. The feathers are so arranged over the body of the bird that, in flying, the pressure of the air or water keeps them closely applied to the skin, so as to offer the least resistance to motion." There is an exception to the latter statement which is important, as we shall show. Too much praise, however, cannot be bestowed upon the beauty and adaptation of the plumage of the birds which God "created to fly over the face of the earth."

We have now reached a point where we can undertake to explain the philosophy of flying. Let us suppose a bird, a good flier, at rest. It determines to fly. By the muscular power of its legs it might jump up, but what is to countervail the law of gravity and keep it up when the muscular force is exhausted? An arrow will ascend until the force given by the bow is wasted, and then, obedient to the attraction of gravitation, it descends. Again: what is to give the bird momentum, so that it may overcome the resistance of the atmosphere? When a bird springs up it always lifts its wings, which move equally, in the same time and with the same power, not, like a pair of sculls in the hands of a rower, variously, evenly, or unevenly, as will direct, but, like a pair of coupled engines, together. The upward movement of the wings opens the plexus, or imbricated feathers, the air passes through, and so the dead lift which would attend the rising action of the arched wing, were it tight, is prevented. Further, the air, as it passes through, passes down and back, depressing the flexible plumes in its course, and giving the bird, through the leverage effected, a forward motion. Then it flaps its wings down. Instantly the plexus closes, as we have illustrated by the motion of the hand on the wing, and the concave wings compress the air in their embraces. The air, which is wonderfully elastic, reacts energetically, causing the bird to ascend. In addition, as the bird slides, the air rushes out behind and up, and thus acts a second time as a lever, and forces the bird forward. The motion of the air ripping out at the ends of the feathers is familiar to every one who has observed the flight of flocks of wild-pigeons. It seems, as the flock passes, as if the feathers were being torn, and adds largely to the general rustle created by the movement of the birds through the air. Here, by two motions of the wings, rising power and momentum are obtained, and that, too, without prejudice to the self-control of the bird. Hence the bird has only to flap its wings, and up it must go and on it must go—in a word, it must fly.

When a boy wishes to make his kite ascend, he checks the string; the wind, striking the breast of the kite, passes down and out behind, and, consequently, up and forward goes the kite. A bird, too, when it finds difficulty in rising from the water, or when launched in the air from some tree, wishes to mount rapidly, turns to windward, and the flapping of its wings produces the same effect

as the string of the kite, and up soars the bird, until sometimes it is almost lost to sight in the "cold, thin atmosphere," where it needs all its warming-apparatus and close-fitting dress to make it comfortable. It is with difficulty that a bird mounts flying with the wind. Generally it goes straight when accompanying or outstripping the wind, or moves in loops, rising and falling. To rise with the wind, it must make special exertion. The wind facilitates flying in some birds. Thus people, not infrequently, as they watch the constant motion of the gull in the gale, wonder that it does not tire in the storm, while, in truth, it is the gale which is doing the work, and the gull has only to flap away at its convenience.

When a bird wishes to descend, it closes its wings, and then, by the law of gravity, it sinks, with constantly-growing rapidity, in proportion to the square of its distance from the earth. Usually a bird keeps its broadest expansion horizontal to the plane of the earth's surface, and its narrowest front forward. But it can change its lay in the air. For instance, if in a great hurry, as an eagle after its prey, or any hunting-bird, it will dive down, adding to the force of gravity by muscular exertion, like a boy in diving from a wharf into the water. Birds will often descend from great heights with frightful rapidity, then suddenly expand their wings, change their axis, recover themselves, and move off or up, as they may wish. "It is a singular fact," says Child, "that birds most remarkable for flight are sometimes no less distinguished for the ease with which they dive and glide about under water. The solan-goose, for example, which haunts the lofty heights of the Bass Rock and Ailsa Craig, is a most expert diver, as is proved by its being sometimes caught in fishing-nets that have been sunk *thirty fathoms* under water. The wings of such birds are adapted to their double purpose. A bird, however powerful by nature, unless so fitted, easily becomes helpless in the water. Hartwig tells us that the sea-eagle of the arctic regions, the foe of the auk, and the gull, and the high-swimming fish, sometimes strikes a dolphin by mistake, and is carried down to the depths forever."

Variations in flying are effected by changing the direction of the axis of the body and modulating the movements of the wings. Direction is ordinarily attained by the bird inclining its body the way it may wish to go. It goes, as a man goes, the way it wills. In rapid turning it can assist itself by depressing one side of its tail, but it never uses the tail as a rudder. Woodpeckers use the tail as a third leg, making a tripod from which to hammer; still they do not use the tail in the air except as other birds. The service which the tail renders to the bird on the wing is to facilitate it in a quick revolution, and to aid it in stopping, hovering, or floating.

If a bird is disposed to light, it slows its motion, brings its axis more nearly perpendicular to the earth, strikes its wings a little sharply up and forward, flutters, and then rests. It folds its wings, and its weight causes the fat to contract on the limb, and hold it firm and quiet. If a bird wishes to glide down, it expands and flattens its

wings. If it desires to hover in the air, it performs almost the same operation that it does in alighting, except that it turns to the wind, and makes the latter serve the place of the branch.

"I have seen," says Argyll, "a kestrel stand suspended in a half-gale, with the wings folded close to the body, and with no visible muscular motion whatever." Every thing depends upon the balance of forces being maintained, and this depends upon the construction of the bird and the character of its wings. Changing the axis, shortening, lengthening, flattening, sharpening the stroke, produce necessary results of different kinds. "Birds with superabundant sustaining power and long, sharp wings have nothing to do but to diminish the length of the stroke and direct it off the perpendicular at such an angle as will bring all their forces bearing upon their body to an exact balance, and they will remain stationary at a fixed point in the air." The expanded tail assists much in the manœuvres of hovering and poising, and, indeed, it serves to stop motion forward when the bird drops its body so that the tail will be down and opposed to the wind. Very little movement will change the action and attitude of the bird from hovering or poising to flying. Frequently it is hardly apparent. "Generally it is a slight expansion of the wings, and a very slight change in the axis of the body."

Some birds have the faculty of floating or sailing in the air, like the hen-hawk, the eagle, the condor, and others. The martin and swallow glide, but do not sail in endless gyrations like some of the birds of prey. Both these movements, of which the former is superior to the latter, and may be said to include it, result from the bird having ample wings, great sustaining and propelling power. Thus, by its strength, having obtained immense momentum, it ceases to flap, and glides or sails along, exhibiting wondrous grace. It must be remembered, however, that these sailors, through their great wing-power, can sustain and propel themselves by a motion so slight that it would escape the eye, owing to their great height in the air.

The manner in which wings act may be learned by taking a pair of dried, outspread wings and flapping them in imitation of the original owner. It will be discovered that it is much easier to lift them up than to press them down, and that, as we have above described, they tend forward by the leverage of the wind.

The power with which a bird flaps can be gathered from the beating of a canary against the wires of its cage. Let any one endeavor to hold an enraged goose, and he will be quite as well satisfied with the buffets he will receive as Richard was with the one he got from the holy friar of Copmanhurst. Some of the vulture species will pounce upon the neck of an animal and stun it with blows from its wings. Von Buch says that the ox will rush away to escape the attacks of the sea-eagle, blinded and terrified by the sand it scatters in the brute's eyes and the terrible flapping it makes about its ears. A lamb, or even a small sheep, stands a poor chance against the mighty wings of the monarch of the air.

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The force of the stroke a bird gives with its wings is equalled by its rapidity. A crow, which is a heavy flier, will make one hundred and fifty upward and as many downward flaps per minute. It would be vain to attempt to count the strokes of a woodcock or wild-pigeon. A humming-bird's wings almost disappear like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. The unweariedness and persistency with which a bird uses its wings can only be explained by its possessing great strength in proportion to its size, and having its wings endowed with sinews of singular toughness and elasticity. The raven which Noah dispatched from the Ark went forth to and fro until the waters were "dried up from off the earth." The time was about seven days. The wild-pigeon is celebrated for its long and rapid flights. The rice found in the crops of some that have been shot in the lake region proves how far and how fast they must have journeyed through the air. "In the time of Henry IV. of France," says Child, "there was a falcon which became famous in Europe by flying from Fontainebleau to Malta, thirteen hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-four hours. The man-of-war bird is sometimes found a thousand miles from shore, hunting for its food. Yet it never seems to tire, or to seek rest either on the surface of the sea or in the rigging of the ship. It is said only to seek the lair on the return of the breeding-season." The migratory birds and the swallows are further examples of the endurance of birds upon the wing.

We alluded in the beginning of this article to the different modes of flying displayed by birds. The crow flaps incessantly, so does the pigeon, the sparrow, the game-bird, while the robin, the swallow, the hawk, and other varieties, exhibit every style of movement. Each species has its peculiar mode of motion through the air. Doubtless each understands the science of flying, and executes, in its own opinion, the highest feats of "wingmanship."

Such is flying. It will be observed that it all depends upon the bird, through its physical construction, obtaining a fulcrum in the air, and controlling forces by combining or equalizing them. By the use of its wings it makes the air not only compensate gravity, but gives it lifting and propelling power. It flies on the wind and through the wind. Momentum is the multiplication of weight by velocity. This force enables the bird to master the air. Again, it employs either gravity or the air, or both, to acquire direction. So, possessing all these powers, holding them in equilibrium, or exerting them indifferently, it is as much master of the air as the fish is of the water, and flies whithersoever it will.

GEORGE C. MCWHORTER.

### THE SAP-SUCKER.

IT is a matter of great surprise to me to find that so few of those who take delight in observing and studying the character and habits of birds have discovered that there is but one species of sap-sucker in the United States, at least east of the Rocky Mountain

range. Three or four of our smaller woodpeckers, particularly the two varieties of the *Picus villosus*, and the pretty speckled fellow with the pale-red head, the *Picus pubescens*, so often seen in our orchards, have been named sap-suckers by ignorant people; but the true sap-sucker is a very unique and interesting bird, lonely in his habits, peculiar in appearance, and really very little like any other of the woodpecker family. He has been named *Centurus Carolinus* by the naturalists, but it seems to me that *Bacchus Americanus* would be a more appropriate title to confer on this bibulous little fellow who taps the racy veins of our trees, and complacently sips the nectar that bubbles out from the perforations his sharp beak has made.

The sap-sucker is not showy, like most of his kinsfolk, and he has a shy, quiet way of doing his limited "routine of duties" that prevents his being much seen or noticed by even a careful bird-hunter. You might spend several hours rambling in an apple-orchard where a number of sap-suckers were busy at work without seeing one. You would hear the sharp tap-a-tap of his busy beak, but the bird shrewdly manages to keep the body of a tree between you and him. He is not boring for worms or larva, not he! He is tending his pots of delicious sap. Observe closely, and you will see the rows above rows of small, cone-shaped cavities, encircling your finest apple-trees, that tell a bad tale of this bird. He is a sort of vampire, sucking out the life-blood of your pippin and wine-sap bearers. There he goes! What an odd flier he is! Like a sailor, "he has a rolling gait." He goes through the air as if riding on long, low billows, in the mean time uttering a shrill yet plaintive "quee-ek," unlike the cry of any other thing. This viscid wine he has been swilling has no doubt had something to do with making him fit so crazily. Poor bird, he will die of *delirium tremens*!

If you will hide near the tree he has been tapping, he will soon come back to his goblets, now overflowing with sweet, thick sap. At first he approaches slowly, flying from tree to tree, till at length he lights in the top of the one you are watching, and begins to descend, *tail foremost*, turning his head rapidly from one side to the other. Finally, emboldened by the silence round about, and seeing no enemy, he drops down to his *beakers* (no pun), and begins to drink in a way that tells you how greedy a toper he is. When he has emptied all the pits, he at once proceeds to peck new ones, continuing steadily to labor till the sap has refilled those first emptied, then he drinks again, thus alternately working and feasting till, grown full and tired, he muffles his head in the feathers of his shoulders, and sits quite still, as if drowsily and dreamily enjoying the gentle wind that flows round him, laden with the sweets of Indian summer.

You may now study his features. His back has a light-brownish stripe down it from neck to tail. His wings are dark, flecked with white and greenish brown. His head is striped with dull white and dingy black, a barely perceptible spot of red shining on the occiput, and his breast is cloudy white, running into brownish red near the throat and

tail. His beak is rather shorter than those of other woodpeckers, slender, and keenly pointed. His eyes are very small, and twinkle like cut glass in the sunlight. His feet are those of a climber, and his tail-feathers are coarse and stiff.

The sap-sucker builds its nest far in the woods, where its season of incubation is passed in silence and abstinence from food, amounting almost to starvation. Its home is in a hole generally high up in a tree. Its food is sap or the juices of green trees. It eats nothing else. I have found it from Georgia to the region of the Northern lakes. The principal trees from which it obtains its food are the maples, hickories, cedar, apple, pear, Southern pine, and swamp-ash.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

### REPENTANCE.

#### I.

**H**E kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,  
For he was neither kith nor kin.  
Need one do penance very long  
For such a tiny little sin?

#### II.

He pressed my hand. Now, that's not right.  
Why will men have such wicked ways?  
It didn't take a minute, quite,  
And yet it seemed like days and days.

#### III.

There's mischief in the moon, I know  
For I'm quite sure I saw her wink  
When I requested him to go.  
I meant it too—at least I think.

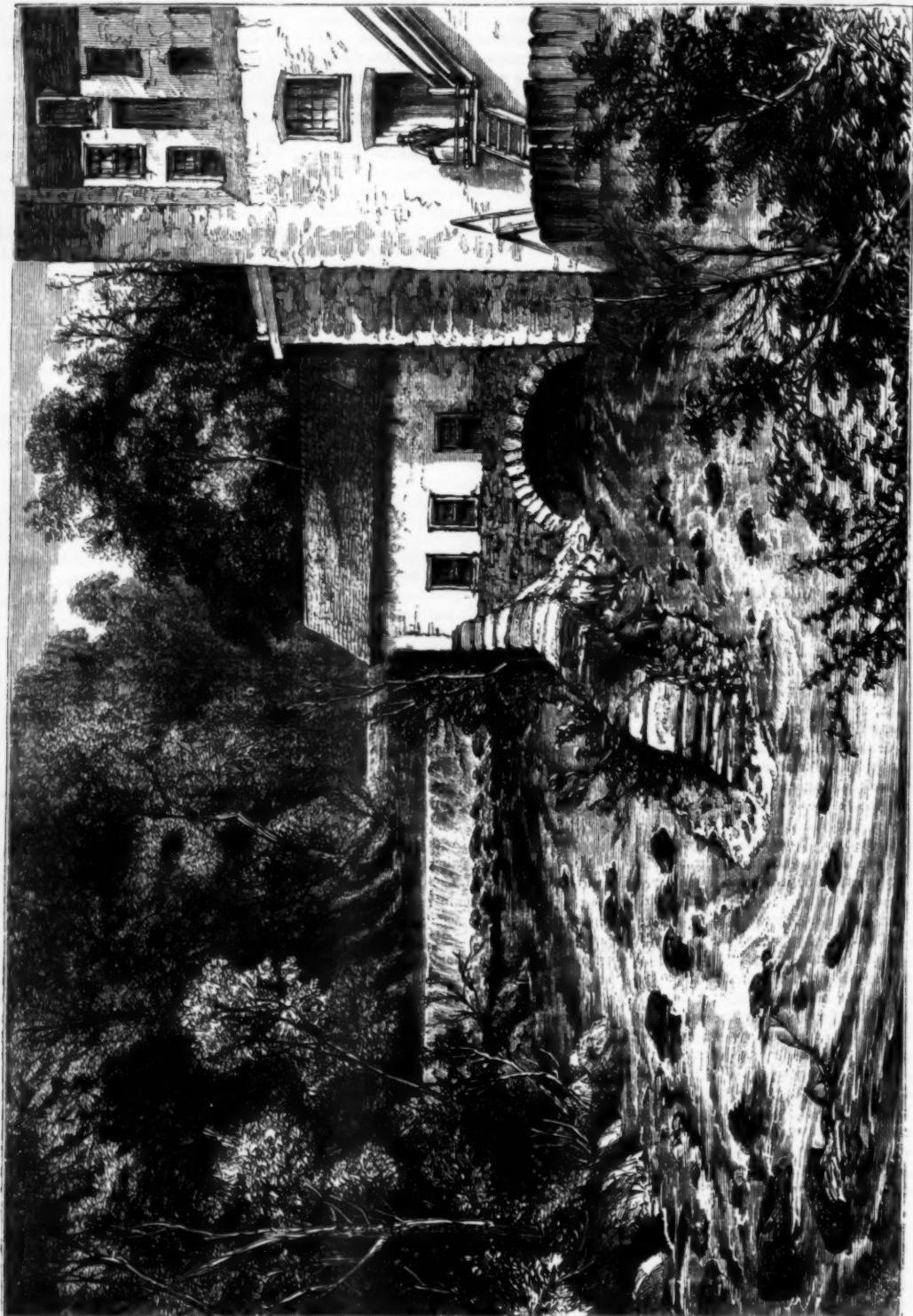
#### IV.

But, after all, I'm not to blame.  
He snatched the kiss. I do think men  
Are quite without all sense of shame.  
I wonder if he'll come again?

C. C. E.

### SCENE ON THE WIS-SAHICKON.

WE gave in the JOURNAL, No. 185, an illustration and a description of the Wissahickon, that wild and picturesque brook which runs into the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, in the heart of Fairmount Park. The many delightful pictures along the banks of this beautiful stream induce us to present the reader with a second view, representing not only the richly-wooded banks, but one of the many old mills that line its shores. Beautiful as the Wissahickon is, it has for many years done a vast useful labor, in "turning many a mill," on its way to the waters of the Delaware. These mills, fortunately, have not destroyed its charm—in many instances, indeed, adding a notable picturesque quaintness to the native wealth of beauty. Those within the boundaries of the park—which extends six miles along this stream—will probably be shortly removed, although a few only mar its attractions.



THE WISSAHICKON.

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## CONCERNING GIANTS.

THE fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis, beginning, as we read in the authorized version, "There were giants in the earth in those days," has given rise to a deal of controversy among the learned. The Hebrew word *nephilim*, in this passage, which the Septuagint renders *giants* (*γίγαντες*), has received a variety of interpretations, Biblical commentators not agreeing on its derivation. Among the more plausible meanings ascribed to it are: 1. Giants in the common acceptation of the word, men of huge proportions of body; 2. Men surpassing in physical or mental strength; 3. Fallen men, apostates from the worship of the true God. Among the early Christian writers who favor the first of these opinions are Ambrose, Cassianus, and Theodoret. On the contrary, Chrysostom says: "I think that those in Scripture called giants are not any unusual kind of men for shape or feature, but such as were heroic, and strong and warlike." Cyril also writes: "It is the custom of Holy Writ to call wild, fierce, and robust men giants."

But it is not our object to discuss a philosophical question. Even if we are not to understand *nephilim* in this instance to mean giants in our sense of the word, there are other passages in the Old Testament which seem to point conclusively to the existence of men of huge dimensions in the early days of the world. The Rephaim, and their allied tribes, the Anakim, the Emim, and the Zuzim, are always described as giants. The sons of Anak, in particular, are said to have been "men of great stature," before whom the children of Israel were "as grasshoppers." Of the height of Og, King of Bashan, one of the last representatives of the giant race of the Rephaim, we are able to form some conjecture. His iron bedstead, which was preserved in Rabbath in the time of the author of Deuteronomy, was nine cubits in length and four in breadth. Calling the cubit eighteen inches, the bedstead was thirteen and a half feet long, and King Og must have been, if in proportion, more than twice the height of an average man of the present day.

The Eastern nations have many extravagant traditions concerning this giant. According to some of the Arabian historians, King Og excelled by far all other monsters that ever existed. He was so tall that he could reach the heavens. He had an unaccountable hatred of Noah, whom he continually sought to kill. But Noah proved too shrewd for him; for, whenever the giant pressed him closely, he withdrew into the caves of the mountains, where Og could not follow him. One day, in his rage at his numerous discomfits, the giant plucked out his beard and threw it at his nimble enemy. Each hair at once became a cedar-tree, forming an immense forest that covered the whole plain, and from which Noah eventually cut the timber for the ark. Og survived the deluge by wading, the waters reaching no higher than his knees. The only inconvenience he experienced during the flood was that he was reduced to a fish-diet, his sole food during its continuance consisting of

whales, which he roasted on the disk of the sun.

This is no more ridiculous than the stories told by the rabbins of Adam, whom, they say, God first created of a height so prodigious that his head reached the heavens. But the angels were so terrified at the sight, that God reduced him to a thousand feet high, or, according to others, hundred. The latter estimate, however, is undoubtedly much too small; for, the father of the human race, when driven out of Paradise, waded through the ocean which separated this world from Eden.

Goliath, the Philistine of Gath, is supposed to have been another representative of the Rephaim, a remnant of that race having taken refuge with the Philistines after their overthrow. There appear to have been four brothers of this family, who were "born to the giant in Gath," all of whom were men of great stature. The names of but three are preserved, Goliath, Saph, and Lahmi. The fourth is said to have had twenty-four fingers and toes. The height of Goliath only is given. He was six cubits and a span, or about nine and a half feet high.

Passing over the fables of the giants and the Titans in classical mythology, which had their origin doubtless in terrestrial natural phenomena, many of them before our Aryan progenitors had left their Asian home, let us examine the numerous accounts of giants given by the Greek and Roman writers.

Herodotus says that, during the war between the Lacedemonians and the Tegeans, the oracle at Delphi told the former that they would prevail over their enemies when they brought back to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. Lichas went to Tegea and succeeded in securing them. They were found in a coffin seven cubits long, the body being of proportionate length. The father of history also records that Artaceas, a captain in the host of Xerxes, wanted but four fingers' breadth of five cubits, he being, with the exception of the king himself, the tallest man in the army. Xerxes then must have been at least seven and a quarter feet in height.

Arrian describes the Asians of Alexander's time as commonly of five cubits in stature, and avers that King Porus was of that height; but Suidas excels him by making Gauges, a giant slain by Alexander, ten cubits. Pausanias relates that, when the body of Ajax was exposed by the washing of the sea, the whirlbones (patella) of his knees were found to be as large as the quoits used by athletes. The same author says that the dead body of Asterius, King of Crete, was ten cubits long. Pliny tells of a giant named Gabbars, brought from Arabia in the reign of Claudius, who was over nine feet high; and of two others, Pusis and Secondilla by name, whose skeletons, nine and a half feet in length, were preserved in the Sallustian Gardens. According to Julius Capitolinus, the Emperor Maximinus exceeded eight feet. He used his wife's bracelets as rings, and could break the teeth of a horse with a blow of his fist. The Emperor Andronicus Comnenus, if we can put faith in Nicetas, was ten feet high. Niecephorus relates that, in the

time of Theodosius, there was, in Syria, a man of five cubits and a hand's breadth. Florus says that King Theutobochus was of an extraordinary stature, higher even than the trophies; and Zonaras tells of a woman, in the time of Justin, who was two feet taller than women generally are.

But the ancient writers are not all so modest in their stories. Plato and Pliny are responsible for the account of the body of a giant, supposed to be Orion, found in a mountain in Crete, which measured forty-six cubits, or sixty-nine feet, in length; but, as Orion is generally said to have been buried in Delos, we are inclined to think that these two worthies were imposed upon. Plutarch, in his Life of Sertorius, tells a still larger story. Speaking of the city of Tingis, the modern Tangiers, in Mauritania, he says: "The Africans tell that Anteus was buried in this city, and Sertorius had the grave opened, doubting the story on account of the prodigious size; and, finding there his body, in effect, it is said, full sixty cubits long, he was infinitely astonished, offered sacrifice, heaped up the tomb again, gave his confirmation to the story, and added new honor to the memory of Anteus." The body of a man ninety feet in height may well have excited his astonishment! Strabo, in giving a similar account, which he credits to Gabinius, slyly observes: "Gabinius, the Roman historian, indulges in relating marvellous stories of Mauritania."

In the time of the Emperor Hadrian, the body of the giant Ida, which measured twenty feet, is said to have been found. Eumachus records that the Carthaginians dug up two bodies, one of twenty-three and one of twenty-four cubits in length. Philostratus saw a body thirty cubits long, another of twenty-two, and a third of twelve. Trallianus, who lived in the sixth century, informs us that the Athenians dug up the body of Macrocyris, and found it one hundred cubits in length.

One would think this last story wonderful enough for the most imaginative mind; but it was reserved for the fourteenth century, and for the great Boccaccio, to hand down to posterity an account of the discovery of the remains of a giant that exceeded in dimensions all others that the world had seen. The following is a free translation of this remarkable production, which is well worth giving in full:

"It is by no means a fiction that giants have existed—that is, men exceeding others beyond measure in form or in stature. On the contrary, its truth is well established, and an accidental occurrence, in our day, at the town of Drepanum, in Sicily, has clearly demonstrated it. While some rustics were digging foundations for the construction of a sheep-house, at the foot of the mountains which overhang Drepanum, not far from the town, they came upon the mouth of a cavern, which, anxious to see what was within, they entered with blazing fagots. They found a cave of great height and size; and, walking to the end opposite the entrance, they saw, sitting down, a man of immense proportions, upon which, terrified, they took to flight, and ran out of the cave, nor did they stop until they reached the town, announcing to all they met what they had seen.

"The citizens, anxious to see what evil thing this was, lit wax-torches, and, having armed themselves, went out of the city in a body, as if against an enemy. More than three hundred of them went into the cave, and they saw no less than what the clowns had reported. At length, the foremost ones made known, after they found out that the man was not living, that he was sitting on a seat, and supporting himself with the left hand upon a staff of such height and size that it would exceed the mast of the largest ship. The man, also, was of an unseen and unheard-of height, in no part decayed or broken. When one of them, stretching out his hand, touched the standing mast, the staff fell from sight, dissolved in dust, and they saw another staff of lead, stripped of its covering, reaching even up to the hand of him who held it. And, when they had observed it attentively, they discovered that the lead had been run into the staff to increase its weight. Those who afterward saw it weighed assert that the lead was of the weight of fifteen Drepantanian cantarii, each one of which is of the weight of a hundred ordinary pounds.

"At length, the figure of the man, touched in like manner, dissolved, and fell almost all to dust—which, Aristotle also knew, happens to the dead, he saying somewhere: 'The bodies of the ancient dead, which suddenly turn to ashes in sepulchres, have lost all their substance, and retain their form alone.' When some felt with their hands this dust of the dead body of Drepapanum, three teeth, yet solid, of monstrous size, were found, of the weight of three rotuli—that is, of a hundred ordinary ounces. The people of Drepapanum, in testimony of the discovered giant, and for an eternal memorial to posterity, bound them with an iron band, and suspended them in a certain church of the city, founded in honor of the Announced Virgin, and inscribed with her title. They found, afterward, the anterior part of the skull, yet sound, of the capacity of many pecks; also the bone of one of the two legs, from which, although partly decayed on account of its excessive antiquity, it was calculated, by those who know the entire man from measuring the least bone, that he must have been of the height of two hundred cubits or more.

"It was surmised, by certain of the wiser ones, that this was Eryx, the son of Butea, the most powerful king of the place, and of Venus, who was buried in this mountain. Others believe that it was Entellus, who slew a bull in the funeral-games instituted by Aeneas for his father Anchises. But others think it was one of the Cyclops, and especially Polyphemus."

Hakewill, in his curious "Apologie" (1630), mentioning the height of this giant, quaintly adds: "This is somewhat, I think, beyond Paul's steeple." Kircher ("Mundi Subterranei," Amsterdam, 1678), who saw the teeth, thinks they are those of a mastodon. He measured the cave, and found it to be less than thirty feet in height!

Other writers, of still later date than Boccaccio, give numerous accounts of wonderful giants. Holinshed, in his "Chronicles of England," devotes an entire chapter to the subject. He tells of a body, fifty feet in length,

which was laid bare, in the year 1170, by the washing of the sea, on the coast of England; and of another, of fourteen feet, dug up in Wales, in 1087. In Perth, Scotland, one of fourteen feet was exhumed, "which to this day they show in a church." In 1475, says the same author, the body of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero, was taken up and found to be "higher by not a few feet than the common sort of women living in those days."

Gervase of Tilbury saw, in the suburbs of Paris, the body of a man twenty feet long, "besides the head and necke, which was missing and not found, the owner having, peradventure, been beheaded for some notable trespass committed in times past."

John Cassanion tells of the bones of Briat, found in Delphiny, that measured fifteen cubits; also of a giant of Bordeaux, a member of the body-guard of King Francis, who was so high that an ordinary man could go upright between his legs. According to Sir Thomas Elliot, a carcass was exhumed near Salisbury that was almost fourteen feet long. Julius Scaliger saw, in a hospital at Milan, a young man of so great a stature that he required the length of two common beds to lie upon. Goropius Becanus, physician to Mary, Queen of Hungary, says he saw a woman ten feet high, and that, within five miles of his dwelling, was to be seen a man of nearly the same height. Dalechamps, a French physician of the sixteenth century, asserts that a body of over eleven cubits in length was found in the bed of the river Orontes. Caelius Rhodiginus says that, in the reign of Louis XI. of France, the body of a giant, of stupendous magnitude, was dug up in Valentia, which, "judging from various pictures and from bones, would approach to eighteen feet." De Thou (Thuanus), in an account of an inroad of the Tartars into Hungary, in 1575, tells of a Tartar of great size, slain by a Pole, "whose forehead was twenty-four inches broad, and his body of such magnitude that, lying on the ground, it was as high as the navel of a man standing."

Hakewill devotes several chapters of his "Apologie" to a consideration of the subject of giants and their supposed remains. He says, quoting Melchior Nunez, that, in the chief city of China, called "Paguin" (Pequin?), the porters are fifteen feet in height, and that the king entertains five hundred such men for archers of his guard. Odoricus Utinensis, in the account of his journey to India, asserts that he saw, in the court of the Great Cham, a giant of the height of twenty feet. Olaus Magnus, in his "History of the Northern Nations," tells of the body of a girl which was found, clad in a purple chlamys, that measured fifty cubits in length and four cubits across the shoulders. In telling so large a story, Olaus might at least have made the young lady of better proportions. His brother, John Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, appeals equally to our credulity in his account of Rollo and Starchater, two giants of immense stature and of robust form, but their exact height he leaves to our imaginations.

Andrew Thevet, the famous voyager and cosmographer to Henry III. of France, in his description of America (Paris, 1575), says that he met a Spanish merchant, on the coast of

Africa, who had come from South America. He had a coffin wherein he had preserved the bones of an American giant, who died in 1559, who, when living, was eleven feet and five inches in height. Thevet saw the skeleton and measured it, and exclaims: "A marvellous thing! to which I could scarcely have given credit if I had not seen it myself; inasmuch as the bones of the legs measured full three feet and four inches in length, and the skull was three feet and one inch about."

In 1684 Dr. Thomas Molyneux, F. R. S., read a paper before the Philosophical Society of London, in which he gave an account of a large human *os frontis*, preserved in the museum of the Medicine School at Leyden. He pronounces the bone to be human, without a doubt, and concludes that the man, if of corresponding proportions, must have been eleven or twelve feet high.

Diemerbroek, in his Anatomy, says that he saw in Utrecht, in 1665, a man eight feet and six inches in height, who was born in Schoonhoven, Holland, of parents of ordinary size. Ray mentions, in his Travels, that he saw the same man at Bruges. Charles Byrne, an Irishman, measured eight feet and four inches. He died in 1783, at the age of twenty-two. His skeleton, now in the College of Surgeons, London, is eight feet high. Edmond Malone, another Irishman, born in 1682, stood seven feet and seven inches with his shoes off; and Patrick Cottar, still another native of Hibernia, is said to have been of the enormous stature of eight feet seven and three-quarter inches. Walter Parsons, porter to King James I. of England, was seven feet seven. Maximilian Christian Miller, a native of Leipsic, who died in London in 1734, measured nearly eight feet. The brothers Knipe were each about seven feet two; and M. Louis, a Frenchman, was seven feet six. The latter had two sisters nearly as tall as he, and a brother who was taller. Miles Darden, born in Tennessee, in 1798, was seven feet and six inches in height.

Buffon gives a number of well-authenticated cases in which men have reached an extraordinary stature. The giant of Thoresby, England, was seven feet and five inches, English measure. A porter of the Duke of Würtemberg was seven and a half feet, Rhine measure. The giant Cajanus, of Finland, was eight Swedish feet in height, as was also a Swedish peasant. One of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick (Hanover) measured eight and a half Dutch feet. Gilli, a giant of Trente, in the Tyrol, was eight feet and two inches, Swedish; and a Swede, in the guard of the King of Prussia, stood eight feet six, also Swedish measurement.

But it is unnecessary to multiply individual examples. We will cite but one more case, that of the Patagonians, who have been represented to be a nation of giants. Hakewill says: "Ortelius describes a people whom he termes Pentagones, from their huge stature, being ordinarily of five cubits long, which make seaven foote and an halfe." This is a truly ingenious derivation of the name. Pigafetta, who accompanied Magalhaens, gives their height in general as eight Spanish feet, which is equivalent to seven feet and four inches English. Commodore

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Byron, who circumnavigated the globe in the last century, says that few of them are short of seven feet. The officers of the Spanish expedition to the Straits of Magalhaens, in 1785-'86, took accurate measurements of many of them, and found the common height to be from six and a half to seven feet. The tallest specimen measured seven feet and one and a quarter inches. The English officers, Philip Carteret and Samuel Wallis, say that, although some of them are from six and a half to seven feet in height, the greater part are from six to six and a half. Conceding even the latter stature, they are, says Prichard, the tallest race of men living; and it is not strange that wonderful stories were told of them by the early navigators.

St. Augustine says that "almost never have been wanting those who have much exceeded the ordinary stature." This is undoubtedly true. Giants, so called, have existed in all ages of the world, but we must not rashly accept the conclusion that the times of old produced any greater prodigies than the present. There is not, probably, a single well-authenticated case among those given by the ancient writers, of men whose stature has exceeded the natural limits, that has not been equalled or excelled within the last three centuries. The enormous skeletons found in times past, of twenty, thirty, fifty, and a hundred feet in length, were, without doubt, the fossil remains of animals of the primitive world, which nothing but ignorance could have ascribed to a human origin. Hakewill, after expressing a general belief in giants, adds: "Yet may wee suspect, the which Suetonius hath not spared to write, that the bones of huge beasts, or sea-monsters, both have and still do passe currant for the bones of giants." A notable illustration of this may be drawn from the case of King Thutobochus. In 1618 it was reported that his grave had been discovered in Upper Burgundy. A brick tomb was found, it was said, thirty feet long, twelve feet broad, and eight feet high, bearing the inscription, "Thutobochus Rex." Within was a gigantic skeleton, twenty-five and a half feet in length, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the backbone. Some of the bones were carried to Paris and placed on exhibition. Both the pleasure-seeking and the scientific world were excited over the wonderful discovery; thousands flocked to see the sight, and the fortunate owner reaped a golden harvest. But one day a savant, who knew something more of anatomy than his fellows, announced that the skeleton of King Thutobochus was nothing more than a part of the fossil remains of an elephant. In so crude a state was the knowledge of science at the time that, even after this exposure, the owner is said to have taken the bones to other parts of the Continent and to England, and to have made a fortune from their exhibition.

In examining the claims of the giants of antiquity, we must take into consideration the fact that it was the custom of all the ancient nations to magnify the stature of their kings and heroes. To be considered a giant in strength and in size was the ambition of every warrior. Even the great Alexander was not free from this vanity, for we are told that,

in one of his Asian expeditions, he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he had conquered that he was of great stature. Homer exaggerates the size and strength of all the heroes of the Trojan War, and leads us to infer that the whole race of man, even in his day, had degenerated. We may suspect that even the Jewish writers were not entirely free from a similar failing. Admitting that a people like the Rephaim existed in Palestine, of greater stature than the Hebrews, it would require but a little stretch of a poetic imagination to paint them as giants. They may have been no larger in comparison with their conquerors than are the Patagonians beside other more civilized races of to-day, yet have seemed immense to the children of Israel, who were more probably under than over the average height.

Again, there is no absolute certainty that the Biblical text, as we have it, is as it was originally written. Our authorized version makes Goliath, for instance, six cubits and a span in height; but the Vatican copy of the Septuagint (Codex Vaticanus), as old as any in existence (unless the Sinaiticus exceeds it), reads "four cubits and a span," agreeing in this with Josephus. To which account are we to adhere? If to the latter, then the giant of the Philistines was only a little over six and a half feet in stature, instead of nine and a half. The sacred writer does not give us the measure of King Og, but only that of his bedstead. It is not necessary to dispute the thirteen and a half feet of the giant's couch, but we are half inclined to suspect that Og was afflicted with an ambition similar to that of Alexander, and used a bedstead not in proportion to his actual size, but in proportion to his fancied importance. It is curious to observe that, according to Dr. Smith, the words in Deuteronomy translated "bedstead of iron" are also susceptible of the rendering, "sarcophagus of black basalt;" but this does not militate against the probability of our supposition.

Comparatively modern writers are not free from like exaggerations in regard to the stature of noted men. William of Malmesbury makes the tomb of Walwin, nephew of King Arthur, and one of his famous knights, fourteen feet in length; and Holinshead, quoting Sylvester Giraldus, says that the body of King Arthur, found in Glastonbury, in 1189, was two feet higher than any man that came to see it. As Camden, who gives an account of the discovery, fails to note this peculiarity of the corpse, the story is probably without foundation. In like manner Charlemagne and his paladins have been represented as of great stature. Eginald says that the great emperor was "seven of his own feet" in height; from which we must infer either that he had a very small foot, entirely out of proportion to his size, or that he was a very tall man. The old writers would have us believe, too, that Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, was also of gigantic stature and strength. Happily, we have some direct evidence on this point. Hakewill, quoting Cæmerarius, says: "Francis I., King of France, who reigned about a hundred years since,

being desirous to know the truth of those things which were commonly spread touching the strength and stature of Rouland, nephew to Charlemagne, caused his sepulchre to be opened, wherein his bones and bow were found rotten, but his armour sound, though covered with rust, which the king, commanding to be scoured off, and putting it upon his own body, found it so fit for him, as thereby it appeared that Rouland exceeded him little in bigness and stature of body, though himselfe were not excessive tall or big." We have similar evidence in relation to the body of William the Conqueror, which was reported to have been dug up, four hundred years after burial, and found to be eight feet in length; for Stowe says that, when the English took Cannes, in 1562, some soldiers broke into the monument in search of booty, and found nothing remarkable about the bones.

Were it possible to get at the truth concerning the giants of antiquity, there is little doubt but that half of them could be shown to be pure myths, and that nine-tenths of the remainder could be reduced in size very materially. Pliny's assertion, that mankind is gradually degenerating, is wholly gratuitous, and has no foundation in fact. Indeed, a vast deal of proof can be adduced tending to show that the men of to-day are equal, and probably superior, in stature, to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword-hilts that have come down to us from the heroic ages could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present European nations. Ancient rings also are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Cæsar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of much contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans as of robust form, and of great stature; and Strabo says that he had seen Britons at Rome who were a half a foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows tell a different story. The remains are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with the Egyptian mummies. According to Atheneus, a man of four cubits, or six feet, in height, was considered of "gigantic size" in Egypt. Apollodorus, the grammarian of Athens, gives the height of the "gigantic Hercules" as four cubits; and Phya, the woman who was selected to personate Minerva, at Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, on account of her great height, which was considered wonderful, did not exceed in stature four cubits less by three fingers, or only about five feet ten.

Numerous other examples might be given, but the facts cited are sufficient to prove that mankind at the present day, if no greater, is certainly no less in height, and in size than in the days of old; and that fully as many instances of abnormal stature have occurred in comparatively modern times as when "there were giants in the earth."

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

## HOW THEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

"**A** CURSE on these stupid letters! I swear by God's body I'd rather that my son should hang than study letters! For it becomes the sons of gentlemen to blow the horn nicely, to hunt skilfully, and elegantly carry and train a hawk. But the study of letters should be left to the sons of rustics."

That was the emphatically-expressed opinion of an English country-gentleman of the old school, whose ire had been aroused by some remarks in praise of learning uttered by his companions at a dinner-table nearly three hundred years ago. Having thus delivered his formal protest against the innovating spirit of progress that already began to shake the foundations of society, the tough old conservative "caught hold of a cup of wine" and "began to drink," probably coupling his draught with a sentiment: "Confusion to all book-learning!"

But while it is true that medieval knight-hood looked on the profession of letters as unbecoming a member of its order, and learning was held by the majority in light esteem, it is equally true that the greatest pains were taken in so educating the embryo chivalry of England that they should fill their allotted station in life with credit to themselves and their order. Though they knew nothing "of Aristotle and his philosophy," leaving such matters to "clerks of Oxenford," who hoped to "getten them yet a benefit," they were taught how to "sit on horse, and fair ride;" to joust in the tilt-yard, and dance in the hall; to read love-romances, and write amorous ditties; to harp, pipe, and sing; to know the exact order of managing a household, and the degrees of rank and precedence; to serve the table, and to carve; and, if opportunity offered, to master the Latin and French tongues. Learning was of doubtful utility, if not a positive damage; but a perfect knowledge of courtesy, reduced as it was to a science, could not be dispensed with. The schools for the upper classes were therefore to be found in the houses of the great nobles, where the young scions of the nobility were sent to be taught "urbanitie and nourture."

The young gentlemen who were educated in these first-class boarding-schools had no easy life. During the first stage of their progress they were taught the rudiments of knowledge, so that they might be able to read the chronicles and romances for their masters and the ladies of the household when they grew older, and write French *airvents* for their mistresses. Arithmetic was a study befitting only sordid merchants, or blear-eyed scholars who used it as a stepping-stone to the knowledge of geometry—then considered an occult science—and was beneath the notice of men of gentle blood. The plan of coaxing students on the road to knowledge had not then been discovered. The pupils were "pinched," and "bobbed," and "truly be-lashed," that they might progress on the painful path of study. Not only the teacher, but all their superiors in the household, kicked and cuffed the "yong enfantes" at

will. The maxim of the Israelitish king, that has caused centuries of juvenile suffering, was then held in high honor, those having charge of the young being advised

"To their plaints give no great credence,  
A rod reformeth all their insolence;  
Who spareth the rod, all virtue setteth aside."

But the acquiring of the arts of reading, writing, and one or two languages, was but a subsidiary feature in the system of education, and not unfrequently was scanty or altogether omitted. The studies considered of real importance were those of arms and courtesy—how to behave in the field and in the hall. The military education was commenced by gymnastic exercises, running, leaping, and tilting at posts and pendent sand-bags. As the pupil grew older, he was mounted on horseback, and instructed in the management of his steed. To the tilting at posts and pendent objects were added tilting at the ring with the horse at full speed, and finally the joust, in which thrusts were taken as well as given. Then his education in arms was complete, and he was ready for knighthood and had the right to enter the lists at the tournament, or to take post of honor and danger in the battle-field.

The art of courtesy covered every thing relating to the manners and morals of good society, from the proper posture at church to the exact manner in which a nobleman should wash his hands, and how the table-cloth should be shaken and folded. Several treatises serving as manuals of instruction on these points have come down to us, and they afford a curious picture of the inner life of the upper classes of the middle ages. Written as they were in different forms, and for the use of different households, there is so close a general resemblance as to prove that they reveal the general life of the age, and not of some isolated household. Whether books of courtesy, of urbanity, of the table, of nurture, or of carving, they all inculcate some general moral principles, give some instructions in the rules of common decency, and describe minutely the economy of the household, laying particular stress on the etiquette of the table. The youth is told to fear God, obey his superiors, and keep his nails clean. When standing before a superior, he must remain perfectly still, without spitting or sniffing. At table he is first to see that his hands are clean, and his knife sharp. If a person of higher rank sits near, to him should be given the privilege of first touching the meat. The point of this instruction will be seen when it is remembered that the English people were then not generally acquainted with

"The landable use of forks,  
Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,  
To the sparing of napkins."

The joint was grasped with one hand, while, with the other, armed with a sharp knife, a slice was cut off. The bread, set by the trencher, should, according to strict table etiquette, be split in two, the upper half being cut in four and then set together in one piece; the lower half cut in three and turned down on the others. Nothing should be eaten or drunk until the meats were brought in. Before touching the meats the nails should be

clean, "lest thy fellow loathe thee." The pupil is told not to bite the bread and lay it down, for "that is no courtesy to use in town." The piece to be eaten should be broken off. Particular stress is laid on the injunction not to eat with the knife, which shows the antiquity of the struggle between etiquette and a common custom that any well-filled hotel-table will show has not yet been abolished. Minute directions are given in a matter that argues unfavorably of the general decency of the people. It was considered uncourteous to spit on the table or blow one's nose in the table-cloth or napkins, and the diner is strictly enjoined, should he have occasion to resemble the stevedores and teamsters of to-day in their contempt of such feminine contrivances as pocket-handkerchiefs, to

"Look thy hand then cleanse withal,  
Privily with skirt do it away,  
Or else through thy tippet that is so gay."

and it is "uncomely methinks" to take hold of the meat in carving with the same finger and thumb that had just grasped the nose, until they are cleaned. No doubt about that. Above all things, he is adjured—

"From blackness always keep thy nails."

In an age when the English were a more musical people than they or their kindred are now, singing and playing formed a necessary part of the page's education, and, as he grew up—

"Syngyne he was, or flowtyng, al the day."

The harp, flute, and pipe, were the instruments on which he was taught to practise. He was instructed how to sing ballads, part-songs, or to join in the church-chants, if need be.

At fourteen he passed from the condition of a page to that of a squire, and assumed a more responsible position. To the general instructions in good manners and the usages in good society were now added particular explanations as to the duties of the several members of a nobleman's household. Each young squire was appointed to fill a particular post, according to his birth and rank, the places of honor being those nearest the lord's person, and the highest rank being that of chief carver, a position generally filled by a son of the lord himself, like the "yong squyer" of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," of whom it is said—

"Courteous be was, lowly, and serviceable,  
And carved before his father at the table."

Thus educated in all that pertained to arms and courtesy, trained to "set a squadron in the field," or to marshal a household in the castle-home, the young knight or noble completed his education and entered the world, perfect in the knowledge considered fitting for his station in life.

But, while the noble was being thus trained for the position to which the accident of birth called him, what was done with the knave? The sons of the rich and powerful were above book-learning—were the poor and humble permitted to acquire it? What chance it was intended they should have may be gleaned from the statute of Richard II., enacted A. D. 1388, in which it is ordained that "he or she, which used to labour at the plough or

cart, or other labour or service of husbandry, till they be of the age of twelve years, that from henceforth they shall abide at the same labour, without being put to any mystery or handicraft," and, in A. D. 1405, a statute of Henry IV. confirmed and rendered more emphatic the ordinance, with the saving clause that "every man and woman, of what estate or condition that he be, shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any manner of school that pleaseth them within the realm."

It is the dearest wish of the poorest peasantry in Ireland at the present day that one boy of the family may be brought up to the altar, and for this purpose the parents pinch and contrive small economies, that he may have an education fitting him to enter on his studies for the priesthood. A similar feeling existed among the poorer peasantry of the pre-Reformation age, and, where there were two boys in a family, one might grow up to be the "poor parson of a town," "rich of holy thought and work," and

" . . . . also a learned man, a clerk  
That Christ's gospel truly would preach,"

while the other remained

" . . . . a ploughman, his brother,  
That had y-laid of dung full many a fother."

To every monastery and cathedral was attached a school, or at least a person competent to instruct in grammar and church music. The son of the ploughman could there obtain such instruction as was given, free of expense, and the law we have cited protected him in his effort to acquire learning. The servants of the Church, too, were glad to obtain recruits for the service of the altar in this way, it being generally understood, although no obligation to that effect was imposed, that the pupils of the monastic schools should become servants of the Church in some capacity. If the boy proved an apt scholar, and gave promise of doing credit to his protectors, he was sent in due time to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which were mainly attended by poor men's sons, though occasionally the son of a rich noble sought education there, without greatly distinguishing himself by the result.

The struggles of the "poor scholars" at the universities are recalled by the experience of students at some of the Western colleges, who support themselves, while going through their collegiate course, by performing manual labor at odd hours, teaching country-schools during college vacations, and pinching their stomachs and backs to furnish their heads. The chief point of difference is, that the poor scholars of Oxford or Canterbury begged a maintenance, which the student of an American college would scorn to do. The author of the old poem, "God speed the Plough" complains, in the name of the husbandman, that, in addition to other burdens on him—

"Then cometh clerks of Oxford, and make their  
moan  
To their school-hire they must have money."

Licenses to beg were sometimes given by the chancellor to the students, and Sir Thomas More shows the degrading shifts to which the embryo priests and future men of learning

were sometimes reduced by saying that "then may we yet, like poor scholars of Oxford, go a begging with our bags and wallets, and sing 'Salve Regina' at rich men's doors." At one time the commonalty of Oxford set aside a yearly payment to furnish one hundred poor scholars with "a meal of bread, ale, and potage, with one large dish of flesh or fish every St.-Nicholas day." That saint was probably the most blessed in the poor fellows' calendar, and the recurrence of his festival anxiously and hungrily looked forward to. The author of "Piers Plowman's Vision" warned merchants to make better use of their mopey by "setting scholars to school," and Chaucer's "poor clerk of Oxenford" prayed busily for the souls of those who gave him money that he might study, while his "poor scholars two" of Canterbury thought it no shame to take their sacks of college-wheat to the mill for grinding.

In time the sons of the rich came in greater numbers to the universities, and edged the children of the poor toward the doors. Even those of the "poor scholars" who remained, and passed through the prescribed course of study, were cheated out of the prize for which they had studied and struggled. The church-livings were given or sold to rich men's sons or favorites, and the poor scholar, who begged that he might learn, was turned out, a graduate who had to beg for the remainder of his life.

While the sons of the rich were being trained in arms and courtesy to fit them for the knightly profession, and the sons of the country poor were picking up with painful labor the knowledge fitting them for the Church, the sons of the citizens and townsmen were cared for at endowed grammar-schools, of which there were many in the principal cities and towns of England. The London schools were early held in high repute. The sons of prosperous "cits" and the smaller fry of "born gentry" attended them, while the endowments of the founders and benefactors of the school made liberal provision for the maintenance and education of the poorer youth. The life of a scholar at these schools has been pictured by several who spoke from experience, some of them with a smarting recollection of the pains and sorrows of him that getteth learning.

Fitzstephen, as early as A. D. 1174, speaks of three schools connected with leading churches, at which, on festival days, the scholars held public disputations, or made orations. Their sports were manifold, and are described with minuteness and evident enjoyment by the chronicler, who prefaces his account with the remark that "we have all been boys." At Shrove-tide the boys brought each a fighting-cock to the master, and the forenoon was spent in seeing the cocks fight in the school-room. Dinner followed the cock-fight, and, after dinner, there was football in the fields. Every Sunday in Lent there was a sham-fight in the fields, and on Easter holidays a game of water-quaintain on the Thames. In the summer holidays the boys exercised themselves in leaping, archery, wrestling, and other games of strength and skill. In winter holidays there were skating-matches on the ice in the marshes to the

north of the walls, with boar-fights, hog-fights, bull- and bear-baiting, as morning diversions.

Lydgate, toward the close of the fourteenth century, confessed, in his "Testament," to school-boy shortcomings that could be truthfully pleaded by many a school-boy of to-day. He says that, in his boyhood, before his fifteenth year, he was "disposed to many unbridled passions," full of wilfulness, loath to study, and fond of play, over-ready for quarrelling and fighting, but standing in awe of the master's rod. Like Shakespeare's school-boy—

" . . . . with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school!"—

Lydgate "had in custom" to come to school late, and, when there, to spend his time in idle gossip and quarrel, instead of in study; to lie, in order to shirk blame; and to mock his master when his back was turned. The fruit in other men's gardens tempted him, as it had tempted many school-boys since, and he climbed hedges and walls to steal apples and grapes. The innate spirit of mischief that incites boys to mock and annoy their elders, and to laugh at their misfortunes, is not peculiar to the present generation. Lydgate's chief desire, when a school-boy, was—

" . . . . to scorn and jape,  
Shrewd turns ever among to use;  
To scoff and mow, like a wanton ape;  
When I did evil, others I did accuse."

Loath to rise; more loath to go to bed; coming to dinner with dirty hands; heedless of the advice or reproofs of his friends; shamming illness when he was too lazy to study; more ready to count cherry-stones than to go to church—Lydgate was such a school-boy as has vexed the souls of school-masters in all ages and all countries where the school is an established institution.

Lydgate says that—

" Of the yard, sometime I stood in awe  
To be scored; that was all my dread."

The school-masters in olden time were no spares of the rod. Roger Ascham, in his "School-master," has recorded his testimony as to the manner in which the teachers of his day thrashed knowledge into their pupils, and his protest against the barbarous folly. Thomas Tusser, who was schooled at Eton, sorrowfully tells how—

" From Paul's I went to Eton sent,  
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,  
When fifty-three stripes given to me  
At once I had:  
For fault but small, or none at all,  
It come to pass that beat I was.  
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee,  
To me, poor lad!"

But the best picture of the old-time schoolboy, his troubles and his sentiments, is contained in the following verses of a well-flogged scholar of about A. D. 1500, evidently written *con dolore*:

" Hay! hay! by this day!  
What availeth it me though I say nay?  
I would fain be a clerk;  
But yet it is a strange work;  
The birchen-twigs be so sharp  
It maketh me have a faint heart.  
What availeth it me though I say nay?"

"On Monday, in the morning, when I shall rise  
At six of the clock, it is the gree  
To go to school without avise—  
I had never go twenty mile twice!  
What availeth it me though I say nay?

"My master looketh as he were mad:  
'Where hast thou been, thou sorry lad?'  
'Milking ducks, my mother bade;  
It was no marvel, though I were sad.  
What availeth it me though I say nay?

"My master peppered me with well good-speed;  
It was worse than finkel-seed;  
He would not leave till it did bleed.  
Much sorrow have he for this deed!  
What availeth it me though I say nay?

"I would my master were a wat [hare],  
And my book a wild-cat,  
And a brace of greyhounds in his tap;  
I would be glad for to see that!  
What availeth it me though I say nay?

"I would my master were a hare,  
And all his books hounds were,  
And I myself a jolly hunter;  
To blow my horn I would not spare!  
For, if he were dead, I would not care.  
What availeth it me though I say nay?"

J. H. A. BONE.

## THE RIVER-THIEF.

THE river-thief who infests the harbor of New York, as usually painted, is an object of some curiosity. Living anywhere—among his friends one moment, and with his enemies the next; "roughing it" in an open boat one night, and officiating as a ward-politician, dressed in envious contrast to the laboring-men of his district, the evening following; sleeping under a junk-dealer's counter, or in a Cherry-Street garret—his is a life of contrasts, made up of a redundancy of petty tricks, few of which are worthy the lowest "rough" of Paradise Square. He emulates the nomenclature of the Houston-Street gambler, without assuming his gaudy exterior. The superior of the latter "gentleman" in cool villainy, he will not do murder when garroting answers his purpose. Instead of saying, in a quarrel, "If you're a gentleman, step into Harry Hill's, and give me satisfaction," the discreet river-thief quarrels, comes to blows, gets thrashed, but says nothing. The next time his enemy goes into Gotham Court or through Ferry Street, on a dark night, he may be suddenly laid senseless on the pavement, with a broken head. This is the "satisfaction" for the lost honor of a river-thief—the *aecipit hoc* of the Crusaders in a new dress.

He is unquestionably a lower type of the genus thief than the adroit burglar who enters our houses; yet he is gifted with a precocity which, in the successful river-pirate, becomes instinctive. He learns to think of danger at every cabin-window, to anticipate it under the shadow of every pier. His ear becomes schooled to every ripple of the tide; his heart, in its beating, reechoes the river'splash against the wharves. "No fellow can tell, as he gets into his boat, how the night may end," said an old boatman, in my hearing, one day.

The devil is a good fellow if one is as bad as he; so the river-thief has his circle of acquaintances. He forms few friendships, and,

as a rule, discourages intimacy. He scoffs at the moral of "honor among thieves," and trusts only those over whom he holds some dangerous secret. He not unfrequently gathers around him the comforts of a home—such poor comforts as they are. He is, often-times, not a bad husband and father. In the eyes of his wife, the occupation of a boatman is doubtless a very hard life, but in no wise dishonorable. Naturally dissolute, the father of such a household has neither instinct nor inclination to cultivate or encourage the graces of refinement; but, when he returns in the morning, tired and hungry, and salutes the partner of his attic, as he taps her under the chin, "How are you, old girl?" it may be to her as endearing as "Good-morning, love," in genteel society. The representative river-thief is eminently a family man, and doats on his eldest son—heir-presumptive to the "profession" and the profits of the parent. The daughters are never treated with any sort of consideration, and at an early age desert the parental garret for the more genial hospitality of Annie Sanks or Mollie McCune. On the other hand, the boys are objects of the parents' especial care. They are early taught to regard the law as their enemy. They appear to derive this instinct with life, and to require little teaching. I have seen little scavengers in pinafors cursing the law, as embodied in a policeman, and have noticed that they will stop their play in the gutter to throw a mud-pie after it. The children seek their dark attics with regret, and their parents welcome their entrance with not a little of the same feeling. In short, the family life of the river-thief may be felicitous, but it is not charming to the outside observer.

As before stated, there is very little of the fraternity common among thieves perceptible in the daily life of the river-pirates. They are not extravagant boasters, although it is the delight of an idle hour to recount instances wherein lawlessness triumphed and justice was defeated on the river. They do not, in general, deprecate the justice of the arrest and subsequent conviction of a fellow-boatman, but busy their minds, like true *savants*, in search of new devices into which to inveigle guilty though verdant ships'-mates and sailors.

This aquatic species of the genus thief is divided into four types:

I. The "morning-riser" and "sundowner" sneaks around the wharves between daylight and darkness, morning and evening, and steals whatever is left unwatched for a few moments. He never uses a boat, and is the lowest type.

II. The "greaser," always in company with one or more of his class, prowls around the docks in a boat, and, to use the language of the police, is "on the dead steal." He will take any thing, and resort to any desperate alternative to escape capture. He is the most dangerous scoundrel on the river, and the very worst type the law has to deal with.

III. The "square" belongs to a gang which has for its rendezvous the vicinity of Catherine Market, and is known among "the trade" as the "Catamarck Club." He usually effects an understanding with the mates

and crews of vessels, and buys what they have stolen—or "broached," in the language of "the trade"—from the cargo during the voyage. He belongs to the largest and most contemptible type.

IV. The "cabin"-thief is a cunning and adroit burglar, who enters the cabins of vessels by picking the locks, removing a pane of glass, or chloroforming the inmates. He always operates with a companion, who remains in the boat. He will not condescend to steal sail-cloth or rope, but carries off watches, ships'-chronometers, good clothing, and money. He avoids the junk-store, as a rule, and deals only with a regular "fence." He is the aristocratic and *beau-ideal* type—a dangerous man to meet anywhere, under any circumstances.

Along the streets near the rivers there is a legend, which becomes familiar from the very frequency with which it is encountered. "JUNK-STORE" greets the eye at every dark cellar-way, or demands attention as, on a dingy old sign-board, it bangs in the wind. Although it may be painted in all the colors of the rainbow, or scrawled in chalk on an iron shutter, its meaning is always the same. Like its synonyme, fence, which is never written, it means connivance at robbery. The junk-dealer becomes the powerful ally of the river-thief, from the necessity of the latter for a means of disposing of his wares. The vast number of articles picked up or stolen from the piers and wharves are sold directly or indirectly by the junk-dealers. The bargains may be struck in the presence of three parties, but the sly junkman always makes one. To put it in language more commercial, as the exchange is to the importer, so is the junk-store to the river-thief. The latter goes on 'change regularly; steals "long" in ships'-chronometers when the market is active, and "goes short" in rope and sail-cloth when the demand is poor, and prices dull or unsteady.

There seems to be very little doubt that "junk" is a corruption of the word "chunk," for if there is a word which means every thing this is it. I remember to have been strolling through Hudson Street not long since, and to have seen, through a low door-way, a small room, in which every thing imaginable seemed gathered together. I stepped in. An old man sat near a rusty stove, blowing smoke from a dirty pipe. Around me, on rude counters or huddled on the floor, were old brass clocks, ropes, inkstands, chains, canvas, pieces of candles, rope-ends, hides, empty bottles, a sextant, foot-rugs, meerschaum-pipes, kegs of white lead, a number of sacks of coffee, a crate of oranges, two large pigs of zinc, a small compass, several small anchors, knives, fire-arms, axes, lanterns, caulking-mallets, and *et cetera* without number. Shades of old Ann-Street Museum! I was greatly in doubt as to what could be the old man's line of trade, and, upon going into the street, a cautious glance at the sign over the door did not enlighten me. There I read: "Old junk bought and sold." The qualifying adjective was the only definite word in the legend, but meant little in the connection in which it was used. Bob Knight's old place on South Street is even

more strange. Although there seldom if ever exists an inventory of their contents, there may generally be found in these places, lurking away in dark corners or lying scattered about the floor, all sorts of ships'-stores, from a towing-hawser to a wax-end; from an anchor to a marline-spike; from a jib to a main-sail; from a pound of bacon to a sack of coffee; and from a blouse to a tarpaulin-hat. That this combination of sail-loft, clothing, hardware, and provision store, also carries on a large commission business, has already been shown. Very little of the stock-in-trade is honestly obtained. These junk-stores, in short, form the connecting link between many dissimilar branches of trade, and intimately associate our most estimable mercantile pursuits with the lax and uncertain traffic of common knavery.

The great trouble which the law finds in dealing out justice to the junkmen is, that one piece of rope appears very much like another; that a sail torn into widths is both useless and unrecognizable as a sail; or that cordage picked into oakum can hardly be classed under the head of ropes. After a capture is made by the river-thief, his first act is to thoroughly efface every mark by which the article might be recognized. The sacks of coffee are emptied into drawers, and pork is taken from barrels and scattered about in numberless tubs and boxes. These are only some of the inferior tricks of the trade, easily learned and much cultivated by the river-pirate and his worthy coadjutor, the junk-dealer. There is, perhaps, as much of a science in making any thing appear as unlike what it really is, as in constructing something unlike any thing else. At any rate, these fellows, to use the slang well known to themselves, have the system "down fine." Even should the police trace the pig-iron or spelter to a junk-store and arrest its proprietor, the latter merely puts his hands in his pockets, and, with the utmost sang-froid, tells the officer to search the place and make good the charge. The place is searched. Doubtless the consignee or ship-owner, who is called in, may think that he recognizes some of his pig-iron among the mass in the back-cellars, or that he identifies a coil of Manila among the odds and ends under the counter. But he is unable to prove his property. He may feel confident that the small lots of coffee which he observes in the drawers were bled from his sacks at Tobbin's stores, but how is he to establish the facts? The junk-dealer does not keep either ledger or day-book. His is strictly a cash business, and he never remembers from whom he receives his consignments. Forgetting is a part of his business. So, between doubt as to proof and dread of annoyance to which further investigation will subject him, the merchant abandons the charge. The officers of the harbor-police are discouraged; the merchant curses the inefficiency of the law; the junk-dealer bows them out, and resumes the conversation with an enterprising night-prowler of East River, which the entry of the officer interrupted. So the trade goes on.

In the actual life of the river-pirate and his coadjutor there is little to charm; and it

is only in the ideal existence with which the nefarious traffic has become invested that its romance is found. Vice, under this guise of strange mystery, is even less attractive than in any other forms.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

## THE BLACK BULPHINS OF CHARTLEY.

THE Prince of Wales, who avails himself freely of the hospitality of his subjects, and it is to be hoped is a less expensive guest than his illustrious ancestress Queen Bess, has just paid a visit to Chillingham Castle, Lord Tankerville's ancient home, in Northumberland.

Chillingham is conspicuous among the great seats of England for its breed of wild-cattle, which are supposed to be a cross of the indigenous breed with that imported by the Romans.

There are, we believe, a few of these animals yet at Hamilton Palace, in Lanarkshire, Scotland; but the only place in England where they are found is Chartley, a great wild park belonging to Shirley, Earl Ferrers, in Staffordshire.

There is a legend at Chartley that a black bulphin, or bull-calf, is born previous to any great calamity occurring in the family. Whether there are any duly-recorded facts in the stock-book bearing out this assertion we are unable to say. But undoubtedly incidents have arisen in the family which were "coming events" worthy of casting their ominous shadows before. For example, during the last century, the then earl, an odious, half-crazy wretch, shot his steward; and, as in those days juries were little disposed to palliate murder by the assumption of "emotional insanity" in the murderer, Lord Ferrers paid the penalty, and was hanged at Tyburn, enjoying the peer's privilege of a silken rope.

It is not so very long ago, too, that there was again a favorable opportunity for the birth of a bulphin, as some curious proceedings in chancery sufficiently proved.

The widow of the ninth Earl Ferrers chanced to become acquainted with a young lady who was heiress to a very large fortune, and had no father to protect her. It so happened that Lady Ferrers had a brother, who was a captain in the army. This gallant officer was in a chronic state of bankruptcy, had exhausted every possible device for getting money, was an *habitué* of sponging houses and the Queen's Bench, and in daily apprehension of renewed incarceration at the hands of Messrs. Aaron, Levi, Joel & Co.; in fact, among these inexorable Israelites he had a desperately bad time of it. Now, it occurred to the countess, no doubt a most affectionate sister, capable of great sacrifices to serve her kith and kin, that it would be a fine thing for her brother if he could marry her charming young friend with the sixty thousand dollars a year, and the nicest old historic place in the world down in Northamptonshire. It may well be supposed that the gallant captain

eagerly seized so agreeable a prospect of covering his elbows and escaping the close clutches of the children of Israel. But there were difficulties to be encountered; for when indeed did the course of true love ever run smooth? Although the heiress was fatherless, she, like Childe Harold, "had a mother;" and, although this lady was by no means accounted a miracle of prudence, yet the captain, notwithstanding his high birth, connections, and expectation of a coronet, was a sheep of such very dark hue that opportunities of prosecuting his suit in person were likely to be few and far between, inasmuch as decent people, for the most part, regarded his room as infinitely preferable to his company. But there is nothing like a woman to help you in a love-affair. Their delightful sex is so thoroughly imbued with the truth of the adage "All's fair in love," that no fence is too high for them to take, no ditch too dirty to wade through. But, of all coadjutors, a sister eager for the aggrandizement of her family through her brother is perhaps the most charmingly unscrupulous aide.

And this is how the noble diplomatiste went to work: About the time that the traditional black bulphin should have put in an appearance, she contrived that her gallant brother should meet the object of his adoration as frequently as possible. The heiress was not otherwise, desperately romantic, and easily bamboozled. She knew about as much of the real antecedents of her lover—or, rather, of the lover of her money-bags—as she did of lovers in the moon, and was soon persuaded to entertain his suit. But then came the difficulty of communication. Correspondence by post couldn't be heard of. The agony column of the *Times* is too expensive for any letters from impecunious swains. She was going into the country for months, far away from her darling friend Lady Ferrers. How, then, was the admirer to communicate? Her ladyship proved equal to the occasion. Of course, she and the young lady could pour out epistolary proofs of their devoted friendship, *ad libitum*, without any suspicion being excited in the breast of the heiress's maternal parent; and, by the use of that ingenious preparation, sympathetic ink, the countess's charming correspondence was interlined with the impassioned and erotic outpourings of her brother the captain. The plan for a time succeeded delightfully. "Dear Lady Ferrers's charming letters" were duly exhibited to mamma, who was no doubt gratified that her daughter had formed a friendship at once so aristocratic and edifying. But it is a world of misfortune. All this was too bright to last, and no doubt the arrival of a black bulphin had ere this brought dismal forebodings to the conspirators at Chartley. One cold morning, when mamma came down to breakfast, she went to warm her hands at the blazing fire. She had taken up one of her daughter's letters from her noble friend, and, while talking, held it close to the fire. Resuming her perusal of its contents, it appeared, to her astonishment, faintly interlined. She toasted the sheet for a few minutes—the murder was out! And now there was "the deuse to pay"—"the deuse" being, in this case, an *alias* for the

Lord High-Chancellor of England, who is kind enough to take under his protecting wing all young persons heavily endowed with the root of all evil.

"Tampering with a ward of chancery" is a high crime and misdemeanor, and his lordship was not at all the man to pass it over leniently. He made "an awful row," decried, as well he might, against this infamous conspiracy; and, in fact, Lady Ferrers was really within an ace of being committed for contempt of court. So ended the last tragedy connected with Chartley; and we may conclude this "strange but true" story by stating that the heiress, as the very fond and happy wife of an excellent husband, lives to congratulate herself upon her escape from an unmitigated scamp.

REGINALD WYNFORD.

### SOME WONDERFUL PLANTS.

**I**N the west of India are found thorny plants, or trees, nearly destitute of verdure, except what appears to be long, shaggy hair, which derives its nourishment from the atmosphere, rather than moisture from the earth.

The "moving-plant" is a native of the basin of the Ganges. Its leaves revolve in various directions during the day and night, except occasionally, on a very hot day, when the plant seems to desist from its habitual motion for temporary repose. A high wind is said to have the effect to produce a cessation of its action. At times, again, only certain parts of the plant are noticed to be in motion—a leaf, or, perhaps, a branch; and it seldom occurs that some portions of it are not quite motionless while the remainder is active.

In the valley of the Irrawaddy grows the *Borassus flabelliformis*, which bears a leaf of wonderful dimensions, and which is said to be of sufficient size to cover twelve men standing upright.

At Timor, near the island of Java, a plant is found, the leaf of which, being of a thorny nature, possesses a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. The victim, if not fatally poisoned, frequently suffers protracted illness. This plant is well called "Devil's-leaf."

"Club-mosses" grow in these islands to a length of several feet, among which the *Rafflesia Arnoldii*, a floral, giant, parasitical plant, is prominent. It is peculiar for its carrion-scented flower, of brick-red color, which it bears, and which measures between three and four feet in diameter, weighing about fifteen pounds, and bearing a natural cup in the centre, which often contains several pints of water.

In New Zealand is found the *Metrosideros robusta*, growing to a great size, and sending shoots from its trunk and branches to the ground, which, in due time, sustain the old stem when vitality has left it. Here, also, are arborescent ferns, attaining a height of forty feet; and in this island vegetation flourishes in water too hot for animal life.

There grows near Quito the olive (*Agave Americana*), the leaves of which are used by the poorer classes instead of writing-paper. They also thatch their houses with them. When tapped before being torn from the stalk, a syrup flows freely, that contains so much alkali as to make a rich lather with salt or fresh water for washing. With the same juice excellent pickles are made. The long stems are admirable in the construction of huts used by the natives. The fibres of the leaves and roots are woven into sandals; and the short, wiry sprigs are used as needles.

In Florida and Alabama—where abound the "air-plants," which cover the boughs of forest-trees, where they hang in festoons—is found also the *Cheirostemon*, the imprint of which leaf resembles the human hand.

In Jamaica the *Tellansia reticulata* is a noteworthy plant, growing on old, decayed trees, with leaves so adjusted that the water which runs down them is retained at their basis. These, in time, swell out in the form of a bottle, holding about a quart of liquid, by which means travellers and animals are afforded a supply of water often when other resources fail or are not available.

In the Falkland Isles they have the *Bolax*, growing in hemispherical tufts, often four feet high, and more than twelve in circumference, and of a yellow-green color. These "mounds" discharge a strong-scented, resinous substance. The *Dactylis cespitosa*, or tussack-grass, abounds here, flourishing most on the sea-shore. Each tussack forms a solitary plant, consisting of roots twisted together, and often six feet high, and four or five in diameter, from the summit of which a thick mass of grassy blades, six feet long, droops on all sides. This foliage, joined with that of contiguous plants, forms an arched shelter for sea-lions, penguins, and petrels.

In the Auckland Islands, which lie to the south of New Zealand, a plant grows near the sea which has clusters of green, wax-like blossoms, as large as a child's head.

The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, a marine plant, attains a length of five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and is the largest vegetable production known. On the shores of California there are fields of this plant so dense that ships driven toward the land have been saved by it.

The *Lessonia*, another marine plant, is found on the coast of the Falkland Isles. Its stems, thicker than a man's leg, and from eight to ten feet in length, cling to the rocks, above high-water mark, by means of fibres. Many branches spring from these stems, bearing long leaves, which hang down into the water. Marine plants form vast submarine forests at the southern extremity of America, and are so strong and buoyant that they frequently raise large stones from the bottom. Myriads of animals and parasitical plants inhabit these forests of the deep. A marine phenomenon exists, discovered in Columbus's time, and called the Sargasso Sea, in the ocean west of the Azores, which has the appearance of an intricate mass of floating vegetation, occupying an area equal to that of France.

HENRY KIRKE.

### MA MIE.

I.

My life's sore tangled skein,  
So weak, and worn, and vain,  
She holds in her white hands;  
She is so passing fair  
That each wild, wanton air  
Must kiss her where she stands.  
Yet I—oh, weary task!—  
Must watch, and wait, and ask,  
While other eyes may see  
Themselves in thine—ma mie!

II.

She has such wondrous eyes!  
The saints in paradise  
Must veil their own from her.  
Around her snow-white neck  
Great pearls, like foam-bells, fleeck  
The lustrous depths that stir  
With rhythmic rise and fall,  
To hide her heart from all—  
I hold a hidden key  
To ope the gates, ma mie!

III.

She starts, for she doth hear  
My loving footstep near;  
She turns to bid me stay;  
With cheeks that burn for joy,  
With looks half kind, half coy—  
This is her heart's sweet way!  
So am I nothing loath,  
But answer oath for oath,  
And linger lovingly  
In silken chains—ma mie!

IV.

So, sweet, when we grow old,  
When locks of glistening gold  
Have turned to silver sheen,  
When youth's sweet seasons seem  
One dear, delightful dream,  
Love still shall crown thee queen;  
Our happy days shall run  
From risen sun to run,  
And Love's rare boon shall be  
For you alone, ma mie!

V.

But now is youth's glad time,  
Love's spring of pride and prime,  
And all sweet things that are;  
Swift, swift the moments fly  
Beneath this purple sky  
That holds Love's silver star—  
My heart—weak, trembling thing—  
Holds but a silver string  
That thrills, for love of thee,  
To thy sweet touch, ma mie!

EDWARD RENAUD.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE lesson of the great fires of Chicago and Boston seems to us a very plain one. It is simply, to build better than we do. When we hear that a Japanese or a Turkish city has been laid in ashes, we are not surprised; we shrug our shoulders, and say: "The cause of their calamity is that they build of wood. No wonder their cities burn easily. Why don't they use brick and stone and iron, as we do?" But our mistake is that, while we do use brick and stone and iron, we persist in using wood with them. As the chief of the Boston Fire Department truly said, we pile up granite and iron to the height of six or seven stories, and then put a lumber-yard on the top in the shape of a Mansard roof. The stores destroyed in Boston were built, at vast expense, of the costliest materials, and with externally very solid walls; but internally the floors rested on wooden beams, and the roofs were of wood, with a thin coating of metal or of slate. The expense lavished in ornamentation, which, after all, does not really ornament, would have made the floors of brick arches, or have substituted iron beams for wooden ones, and made the roofs of iron. The buildings, then, would have been really proof against fire, as are the buildings of Italy, Spain, and to a great degree those of France. We never hear of a great conflagration in Spain or Italy, though in both countries the means of extinguishing fires are incomparably inferior to ours. But the truth is, the Italians and the Spaniards have been civilized for thousands of years, and learned, ages ago, what we are now learning—that it is cheaper to build well than to build badly, and that brick-and-stone cities cost, in the end, much less than wooden ones. In this respect we are not yet out of the woods, and, like the Turks and the Japanese, have a fondness for our original forests which leads us to cling to the use of wood where we should long ago have given it up. For isolated houses in villages or in the country it is doubtless a very good material; but it should not be used at all in cities, where costly edifices, containing property worth millions, are crowded together, and where a spark may start a conflagration. Properly built, as the Italians build, our cities, with their powerful fire-engines and expert and energetic firemen, could defy the flames. But there is not now a city in the Union which is not liable to the fate of Chicago and Boston, with perhaps the exception of Washington, whose wide streets and frequent open spaces might possibly preserve it from destruction. Boston was the most solidly and carefully built of any of our cities, and yet its most costly and substantial quarter—all built within a few years, at the expense of millions of dollars, with walls of granite and pillars of iron—has gone down as if it had

been of paper, simply because the builders persisted from old habit in making certain parts of wood, where brick or iron could have been used just as well. The Boston *Post* says on this subject: "Looking over what there remains of Boston, one marvels that the fire did not go on forever. A view from the house-top reveals a forest of Mansard roofs, stretching up angles and towers and cornices of seasoned wood like so many hands rapacious to clutch the flames. Tawdry with the meretricious products of the jig-saw and the machine-lathe, incrusted with a profusion of jumbled ornaments chiselled out of white-pine, and supported by wondrously-wrought pillar and capital, and frieze of the same material, they sit atop of lordly granite-blocks, like the old man of the sea, to ride them to the death. Each paltry scroll offers a position for the flying brand to rest and be fanned into flame. Each boss, each panel, and each individual outrage of architectural detail that fondly clings to the Mansard roof, presents a seat for the spark borne on the wind, and a veritable coign of vantage for the long-leaping flames. Once grasped, the fire will not leave the Mansard for a deluge, but revels and riots there, and sends out fresh emissaries of destruction to the detestable kindred far and wide. The thousands who enjoyed the mournful privilege of witnessing the great fire of Saturday night saw the Mansard in its glory. Far up in a Mansard roof, beyond the reach of the hardest-puffing engine, the fire first asserted its power. It spread along over the stout granite beneath. It leaped the street, and licked up a block of Mansards on the other side. From house-top to house-top it sped, compelling all beneath it to aid in the chase, until the name of the architect of Louis XIV. was written in the shattered and smoking ruins, of Boston's noblest edifices. An acre of pine-wood goes to make the Mansard roof of one of our fine modern blocks, and a fine fire it makes."

— The sale of Mr. Belmont's pictures, undoubtedly the best collection of modern paintings in this country, is an event of too much note in art-circles to be entirely passed over by this JOURNAL. And yet we have room for only a brief notice of some of the pictures, which were sold on a rainy evening, November 13th, and brought seventy thousand dollars, or an average of about a thousand dollars a picture. They comprised specimens of the best Dutch, German, and French modern artists, and of a few American ones. Two of them call for special mention. In the midst of showy companions, which surrounded it in the exhibition-room, there was a quiet, grayish painting, of apparently very simple composition, called, in the catalogue, "Diogenes." In the frame, beneath the painting, Gérôme's name is inscribed. The canvas is about four feet long and three feet high, and over its entire surface there is not one bit of sharp color or brilliant light, but every part

is subdued, and a person ignorant of art might pass it without notice. Yet, notwithstanding its unobtrusiveness, a crowd was always gathered about it. The picture represents a brick-red tub, or rather an immense earthen jar, turned on its side, and resting at the base of a Greek pilaster, and beyond it, white in a noonday sun, a street lined with low buildings. Somewhat within the tub, its upper side forming a roof over him, sits the cynical Greek philosopher. His hair is shaggy, and his rough, unkempt, brown locks seem faded and burnt by sun and storm. Between his hands he holds a lighted lantern; while sitting, patiently gazing at him, on the ground outside the tub, are three or four mangy dogs. This is the subject of the picture, and, after these few objects have told the story, Gérôme's art and the real attraction of the picture begins. The charm of the picture to the artist himself is evidently in his consummate study of the qualities of the human figure, and, to develop these, every accessory of the picture lends its aid. The knotty, brawny frame of the Diogenes is cut across the middle by his strong, muscular arms, and his hard, wiry hands grasp the lantern. His legs, lazily stretched out, and crossing each other, are models of study, while the living structure of bone and muscle is enveloped in brown, vital flesh. Contrasting with the subtle intricate outlines of the form of Diogenes, are the two or three simple circles of the jar, and the straight lines of the pilaster, and Gérôme has given the dogs, his sole companions, forms as little broken up as possible. As a relief to these severely-studied lines, a ragged cloak, of fantastic shape, is swung about a stick, and rests against the tub. To forms so carefully felt, and masses of light and shade broadly and simply expressed, Gérôme has added a great power of color and texture to still further intensify his study of the man. The soft, warm hue of the flesh is well brought out by its contrast with dead, chalky reddish tints in the tub—a set of hues parallel to, but nowhere touching, the live color of the man—and the lighted lantern within his grasp throws its yellow rays, pale in the daylight, within the recesses of the tub, where they form a third range of colors, ethereal and vague, and help to add firmness to the flesh as the red tub helps to lend it delicacy; while the hair, partially rubbed off the dusty sides of the sickly cur's, adds the last touch to Gérôme's wonderful realization. The other painting of greatest interest is of cabinet size, a "Cavalier awaiting an Audience," by Meissonier. Through the love Gérôme shows for textures and anatomy, which makes him seize on every artifice to relieve and develop brick and stone against flesh, and the rough hide of a dog with the vital textures of a healthy human body, and which leads him to express throbbing nerve and muscle side by side with inert clay, he exemplifies in the best manner the ideas and aims of a famous school of art which has long

looked to him as its head. Meissonier, like Gérôme, is a great artist of human anatomy, and his picture is exquisite in detail as the finest miniature; the face of the cavalier, being scarcely larger than a penny, shows consummate study from life and knowledge of structure and textures. Beneath the close-shaven chin and delicately-pencilled eyebrows of this miniature face is an anatomy of bone and muscle that seems almost inconceivable in so small a surface, and the loose skin of the throat, bronzed by exposure, is wonderful in its expressiveness. The cavalier stands before an open chimney, and his impatient boot that taps the andirons, his tagged waistcoat and splendid scarlet cloak, reveal the nervous, springy figure which they enclose. Among the other pictures sold by Mr. Belmont there were a number of exquisite cabinet-paintings, one by Frere, another by Jacque, and some admirable specimens of the Dutch school, with long-drawn lines and charming atmospheric perspective, and full of sunlight—a magnificent piece of texture-painting by Zamaicois, called "Preparations for a Bal-masqué," a scene in Venice by Tilton, and a rich Roman woman, by Hamilton Wilde—all excellent in their way, but of which we have no space to speak in detail.

— After all the prophecies of expected improvement this year on the operatic management of the last, we have been disappointed. Mr. Maretzék's season at the Academy has been measurably successful, at best, for the simple reason that the opera-going public has been educated up to the point of knowing and demanding the best, and being disappointed if it does not get it. Mr. Maretzék has returned to the time-honored star-system, which is now some years at least out of date. Madame Lucca is an excellent singer, with a strong, clear, and penetrating voice, which betrays, here and there, some traces of wear, or perhaps of original harshness, and was never, it may be supposed, exceptionally flexible or sympathetic. She is an admirable actress, especially in realistic rôles, like Zerlina and Cherubino, but it might be stretching a point to call her *great*, either as actress or singer. Miss Kellogg, who for some indefinable reason has never won from the New-York public all the sympathy her merits deserve, is a really admirable executant, and has shown, during this engagement, unexpected power as an actress, but still falls short of that force and fire of dramatic delineation which should thoroughly carry her audience with her. Signor Janet is a thorough *artiste* and good singer, though hardly of the first rank. Of all the rest of the troupe it is safe to say that they in no case rise above the rank of a poor second or fair third class; while chorus, orchestra, and *mise-en-scène*, show little or no improvement on the traditions of previous years. All things considered, it is not surprising that the opera has been a partial failure, and that the manager's

policy of spending his money on two distinguished and expensive *artistes*, plus an unnecessarily large number of very commonplace and cheap ones, should have proved as unprofitable to himself as unsatisfactory to the public. In other quarters, however, there is compensation. The Philharmonic, fired by competition, are playing with unusual spirit and delicacy, and, among the other attractions of their programmes, gave us at their first concert a performance by Rubinstein. By a coincidence their first symphony, the noble Seventh of Beethoven was chosen by Theodore Thomas for the first of his series of six concerts, which was given at Steinway's on Saturday, November 9th, with the assistance of Mr. Osgood, the young American tenor. Of the orchestral rendering it is sufficient to say that it was too good to offer salient points for criticism or almost for commendation. Absolute perfection is hard to praise. Mr. Osgood shows himself the possessor of a pleasing light tenor-voice, and correct style and expression, but lacks force for large concert-rooms. Musical enthusiasts are in great delight over the chamber-concerts of Rubinstein and Wieniawski, assisted by Messrs. Bergner, Matzka, and others, at Steinway's. The Mendelssohn trio and Hummel septette were prominent features of the first concert on Tuesday, and hardly shall we ever hear chamber-music so well rendered again. But why give these charming entertainments in the great hall? The very thing the public longed for was to hear these great *artistes* in their appropriate sphere, the small concert-room. To console us for their departure, Messrs. Mills and Damrosch give us a series of four chamber-concerts, commencing November 21st, with a choice selection from the most classical composers, which offered a precious chance for hearing this, to our thinking, the most really intellectual form of musical composition. Of the shower of sporadic concerts which may be expected to set in later in the winter we shall speak in due time.

— There can be no doubt that the subject of a reform of our civil service, which all parties acknowledge to be urgent, must soon occupy a large share of the attention of our public men. The result of the election leaves President Grant in an exceptionally favorable position to deal with a question like this, and the nation at large would greet, with deep satisfaction, the eradication of the official abuses which have grown up gradually, and which now present themselves on the very surface of our administrative system. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that, just at the moment when we are contemplating the introduction of competitive examinations as a test of qualifications for civil offices, certain thoughtful Englishmen are expressing their judgment that such examinations, for such a purpose, are a failure. Limited competition for civil offices has existed in England for some four-

teen or fifteen years—that is, a competitive examination has been made of a certain number of nominees for a particular position, these nominees being selected either by the prime-minister or the minister in charge of the department wherein the vacancy has existed. Since Mr. Gladstone's accession to office, a radical change has, however, taken place; the civil service has been redistributed as to its grades and system of promotion, and has been thrown open to general competition, the only condition being as to age. An article in the *Journal*, in 1870, described the condition of the British civil service as it existed just prior to the practical introduction of Mr. Gladstone's reform and the operation of open competition. The trial of the latter system, for two years, has convinced many of those who are familiar with its actual working that it is ineffectual, and that while it does, to a large degree, get rid of the evils of ministerial patronage, and especially of the interference of members of Parliament in appointments, it has resulted in a depreciation of the efficient capacity of the civil service itself. All honor is due to Mr. Gladstone for deliberately stripping himself of the large patronage which still remained in the hands of the chief minister on his acceptance of office; it enhances the general respect for his probity and high sense of public duty, to see him voluntarily proposing to lay down this formidable engine of political influence. If our own high officials, especially the members of both Houses of Congress, could be prevailed on to exhibit a similar example of patriotic self-abnegation, it would be of bright augury for our political future.

— But, if we can learn any thing from the experiments of others, let us not disdain to give ear to them, and, if need be, eschew pet theories and crudely-broached projects. To get rid of the office-procuring patronage of Congressmen, which, we are oftentimes assured by themselves, is a burden to them, and which, with as little doubt, is an evil to the country, is an object worth struggling strenuously for; the question remains, Can this be done by competitive examination, and, if so, what sort of a competitive examination should it be? An able writer in the current *London Quarterly* discusses the subject at length, and evidently from a point of view arrived at by a personal intimacy with the civil service and personal observation of the working of open competition. He has no hesitation in declaring emphatically against it. He urges that the tendency is to make all the schools and colleges in the kingdom hot-beds for embryo civil servants; that the ambition of the scholars to obtain easy berths for life in her majesty's service confines their studies and aims to narrow channels; and that, therefore, the offer of these prizes for the competition of all the world must have an injurious tendency upon liberal education. In discussing the question as to whether open

competition and competitive examinations really produce the best kind of civil servants, or a better kind than those who filled the offices before the reform, the reviewer essays to prove that the brightest scholars—the prize-men of Eton and Oxford—are by no means well fitted for official work; and that the system of cramming for a particular examination is not only detrimental to broad scholarship, but tends to fill the offices with pedants and men who have acquired simply a parrot-sort of knowledge. He ridicules certain of the topics prescribed by the civil-service commissioners; and would prefer to take the civil servants rather from the muscular young Britons, who have spent their youth on the cricket-ground or in the hunting-field, than from among those who have been cloistered with Greek lexicons and exact mathematics. Physical health is much more necessary, according to him, to the civil servant than hastily-crammed "book-learning." While there may be considerable justice and truth in the reviewer's arguments, it may be said that an examination in certain things is a good test of probable official efficiency. We may reject, with him, the idea that a knowledge of Greek or exact mathematics is necessary, and may insist upon the rejection of all requirements of a pedantic or general nature; but, with subjects immediately bearing upon and necessary to the official duties to which the candidate aspires, it would be unwise to dispense, in establishing a civil-service reform. For instance, the applicant for a consulship in Germany or Spain should be absolutely required to know German or Spanish; and consular aspirants in general should have an intelligent familiarity with commercial and international law; a clerk in the treasury should be acquainted with the practical maxims of financial science; a clerk in the patent-office should know something of chemistry, mechanics, and so on. To get rid of the distribution of offices purely as a reward for party-services—not seldom services of an equivocal kind—will be a great gain, and will be likely to purify our politics at the source; but the competition need not, in order to effect this, be one between pedants.

— What a blessing it would be could we only infuse into New York a little of that healthy spirit of resistance to extortion which has lately been displayed by "les braves Belges!" In their happy little country the cabaret-keepers, notwithstanding they were driving a rousing trade, as any one who has walked through the streets of Brussels or Antwerp at night can testify, raised the price of that mysterious drink called "taro," which, like its brother beverage "lambic," is dear to the palate of the blue-blouses. This was striking a blow at a point rather too tender for patient endurance, and, consequently, the resistance has assumed a character which estaminet-keepers durst not resist. But our victims here continue, with as little spirit as lambs,

to be patiently bled, paying war-prices all round. Duties have been reduced, gold and paper are nearly on a level, all the well-worn scares for maintaining prices are gone; but, go into *café* and restaurant, and you pay precisely what you did five years ago. The entire removal of duties from tea and coffee has produced no change in these establishments. When duties are raised, they instantly raise their rates, but, when the former are reduced, the latter know no change. Of course, so long as the public are foolish enough to stand such imposition, it will endure. The establishment of a co-operative restaurant, both up-town and down-town, would deal a powerful blow to these extortions, and such an institution might easily be organized and maintained.

— In a recent article in the London *Times* the theory was advanced that overwork of the brain is an impossibility, the argument being that brain-work is simply the destruction of nervous tissue or brain-tissue; and that, as brain-tissue when destroyed must be repaired by food and sleep before it can be drawn upon, only such an amount of brain-work can be performed as corresponds to the existing amount of tissue, and that, therefore, overwork is out of the question. The fallacy of the argument is apparent, and yet it has found indorsement in a medical journal of the first class. As well might one say that death from starvation was impossible so long as any flesh and blood remained. Certainly we cannot go on working our brains till the total amount of brain-tissue is destroyed any more than we can perform physical labor as long as we have muscles. That we can overwork ourselves mentally and physically is a stubborn fact, attested by too many sad examples. We meet daily with men and women who by excessive toil have wrecked their bodies or their minds, who have grown prematurely old, and lost all power to work, through overwork. In the face of these melancholy instances it is idle to say that overwork of the brain is impossible.

— Tennyson's new poem, "Gareth and Lynette," meets with harsh criticism in the *Examiner*. It says: "More than one of his numerous copyists have written as good poetry as this, and there are not many of his caricaturists who would venture so thoroughly to burlesque him as he in several pages does himself." It is granted that the poem contains a few vigorous lines and a few tolerable paragraphs; but, as a whole, the *Examiner* regards the poem as a failure, and has nothing but contempt for the working out of the story. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, is enthusiastic in its praise, and itself grows poetical in dwelling on its beauties. The story is lauded, and, as regards the poetic execution, the *Spectator* thinks that the poem "has much of the Homeric sweetness and power of Tennyson's 'Ulysses,' and much,

also, of those swallow-flights of song which are peculiar to him, and come upon the ear like the song of the lark when one turns inland after listening to the sound of the breakers." Both as a separate tale of Arthurian chivalry, and as a prelude to the completed epic, the new idyl is pronounced unsurpassed.

— The officials charged with the administration of the forests of France are about to commit a sacrilege against which the French painters are in vain protesting—namely, the wholesale destruction of the monarchs of the forest of Fontainebleau, from which many an artist has drawn his inspiration. Thirteen thousand oaks, of from one hundred and forty to three hundred years old, and nearly five thousand beeches, from ninety to two hundred years old, are to be cut down and sold.

## Correspondence.

Alsace and Lorraine  
*To the Editor of Appletons' Journal.*

The exodus from Alsace and Lorraine has introduced a large number of immigrants into the United States, for the most part bringing with them good habits, bodily strength, and a considerable amount of cash. Among upward of thirty *citoyens*, accompanied by their families, who crossed in the steamer with me from Liverpool, the majority of them possessed a certain degree of skilled labor; and all left their native land with an implacable hatred of Germans and German rule, and with a determination not to be compelled to take up arms against *la belle France*. I found these descendants of the Fatherland more bitterly French than the French. Frequently, during our voyage, were groups of Alsatians and Lorrainers to be heard singing their national songs, and, in conversation together, boasting that the tricolor flag would again float over Metz and Strasbourg, and that, when that happy day should arrive, they and their families would return to the deserted homes.

It has frequently been asserted that a good deal of exaggeration had been indulged in in regard to the extent of the exodus from Alsace and Lorraine. With a view to getting at the facts, I made inquiries among the most intelligent of the *émigrés*, and I feel satisfied that the city of Metz alone has suffered a loss in population of not less than forty thousand Frenchmen, who, since its annexation by Germany, have emigrated to France or elsewhere. The population they estimated at sixty thousand before the war (Lippincott's "Gazetteer" gives it at fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight in 1861), and now they assert it contains less than twenty, and some estimated it as low as ten, thousand. Eighty thousand emigrants had passed through Nancy; and seven million francs had been subscribed to aid and assist the people of the annexed provinces who voluntarily went into perpetual exile rather than live under a nationality they so bitterly detest. One of the number, who had served as a commissioned officer under Bazaine, said: "Bismarck has created a Poland in a dangerous place. The people who have left their homes will move heaven and earth to regain them. Russia, Austria, and Germany, are now friends; but when the day comes, as come

it will, when Russia and Germany quarrel, we shall go back to our homes, taking our flag and French nationality with us."

Put what construction we may upon it, the fact remains that a great many thousand people—natives of the annexed provinces—have voluntarily abandoned their homes and gone into France, or emigrated to this country, rather than become German subjects, and submit to that military law which would have put their young men into the field not impossibly to hereafter fight against the country which they call their own. It is a protest of the strongest kind against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1872.

## Literary Notes.

### Captain Marryat.

MRS. FLORENCE CHURCH, the daughter of the celebrated naval novelist, has just published the "Life and Letters" of her father, of whose career the following is a summary:

FREDERICK MARRYAT was born in Westminster, in 1792. He went to sea when a mere boy; he left it when a man in his prime; but he had been in above a hundred engagements on land and sea. He earned rank and honor by the zealous part he took in the destruction of men, and much praise for having rescued from watery graves almost as many as he killed. Thus the account was balanced. His novels began with the "Naval Officer," which was partly written before he withdrew from active service, and they closed with those juvenile stories, out of which alone he made a handsome income. Books of travel and a professional work or two may be included among his literary efforts. Magazine-writing he commenced in the first number of the *Metropolis*, edited by Campbell. Marryat's contribution was the first part of the "Facha of Many Tales." Without ever completely cutting himself adrift from literature, he, in his later years, took to farming on his little estate at Langham, Norfolk. He tried hard not to be a gentleman-farmer, but a real farmer, and he dressed accordingly, and looked very like what he wanted to be. The result, however, was the usual crop which gentleman-farmers reap, and, amid disappointment and severe affliction, came ill health, successive ruptures of small blood-vessels, decay, delirium, and death, in 1848.

The sailor-author was one of fifteen sons and daughters, some of whom, besides himself, contributed to literature. He, for his part, was an idle, troublesome boy, who loved play, could learn easily, and was flogged continuously. One of his masters once found him standing on his head, book in hand, in the school-room!

He did so, he said, "because, finding it impossible to master his task on his feet," he "tried t'other tack!"

He was forever running away from school, and was always found at or near the sea. He was allowed to have his own way, and, in 1806, he was afloat in the *Impéreux*. In that fighting-ship alone the boy was in fifty engagements. After one bloody affair he was laid out for dead by the side of others between the guns, the fresh sea-air blowing over them all. An officer who had not been in the boarding-affair, which had cost so many victims, and who was an enemy of the lad, looked down on him and said :

"Here's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!"

The fresh air had brought the "chap," however, to his senses, and Marryat faintly exclaimed, "You're a liar!"

In saving men from drowning, Marryat more than once nearly lost his life. In describing his own experiences of drowning in a rough sea he said he felt as if he were enclosed in waving green fields, which approached nearer and grew greener as his senses gradually forsook him. It was like sinking down overpowered by sleep in the long, soft grass of a cool meadow. On one occasion Marryat's gig upset, in which were himself, a middy, and an old bum-boat woman who could swim like a fish, but the boy could not. The old woman struck out, and held up the captain, who in vain called on her to leave him and save the boy.

"What?" cried the old lady, "hold up a midshipman when I can save the life of a captain! Not I, indeed!"

There is a good ghost-story in the book of Marryat's brother Sam appearing to the captain at night, when he had turned in, just to say, "Fred, I am dead," an announcement which, in course of time, proved to be true.

As a candidate for Parliament Marryat was unsuccessful. He would not declare himself unreservedly hostile to flogging. An elector of the Tower Hamlets put the question to him, and Marryat replied that, if the elector or his sons, to whom he had alluded as of an age for the sea, should ever come under his (Marryat's) command, and deserve a flogging, he would order it without hesitation! No wonder the Tower Hamlets declined to be represented by him.

The sketches of the eccentrics with whom Marryat was acquainted are among the best things in the book. The captain thus describes Frank Napier:

"One of his peculiarities was very amusing. Whenever he was on shore he never would be encumbered with luggage of any description further than a small case which he could carry in his hand, and which contained his few articles for the toilet and half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. He was always well dressed, and had the appearance of a perfect gentleman, but he never had any wardrobe except the clothes that he had on. As soon as they were half worn he ordered another suit, leaving the former one to the waiter as a legacy, for he always lived at hotels. This was but fair, as the waiter had to supply him with linen; and, where he was known, they were so used to him that they always prepared and had every thing at his service, for he was liberal to excess. I have gone up to his room and found him in bed. He would ring the bell:

"Waiter, a clean shirt."

"Yes, sir."

"And, James, I dine out to-day—one of your best frilled."

"Yes, sir."

"When he paid his bill, the washing, and a handsome allowance for wear and tear, were accounted for; and Frank put on his one shirt, and walked off as light as a feather, and not at all anxious about the safety of his luggage."

Marryat had a way of heedlessly saying things which gave offence, as, for instance, when some one observed he "could not get over Colley Grattan's nose," Marryat remarked, "No wonder, since there is no bridge to it." And quite as heedlessly he sent a houseful of furniture to a poorer friend, not an article of which, except the chairs, would go in at the doors. His own house was crowded with me-

moria of his wars and travels. How he came by some of the trophies is thus told:

"During the war those Burmese who were in the possession of any stones of value used to make an incision in the flesh of their arm or leg, and, inserting the jewel, allow the flesh to close over it again. Captain Marryat became aware of this custom, and, after each engagement, made his sailors pass their hands up and down the bodies of the slain, and, wherever a bump was perceptible, a cut of the knife soon relieved the owner of his then useless property."

To his two boys Marryat was much attached, and the loss of the elder of them accelerated his own death. The following passage shows that they were their father's sons:

"Of Captain Marryat's eldest son Frederick, a fine, wild, generous fellow, who perished in his prime by the wreck of the *Avenger*, many stories might be told quite as amusing as those which signalized the early life of his father. He was a universal favorite, but the pranks he sometimes played in his profession alarmed even the least sober among his companions. Among his boyish escapades it is related how, when his ship once lay off Gib, he used to be selected to command the boat which took a certain blind admiral to and from the shore, and part of his duty consisted in telling the old gentleman whenever an officer saluted him in passing. The temptation to mischief was too strong for poor Fred; the warning, 'Officer saluting you, sir,' was given upon all occasions, necessary or otherwise, and the old admiral was never allowed to rest quiet two minutes without raising his hand to his hat. The trick played upon so important a personage having been discovered, Mr. Midshipman Marryat was transferred to another ship in disgrace, when he piled all his baggage in a boat so as to resemble a coffin, covered it with the Union Jack for a pall, and played the 'Dead March in Saul' on a cornopean as he was conveyed to his destination. On another occasion he was serving in a ship off Singapore, and not on the best terms with his captain, who, on giving a ball on board, omitted Mr. Marryat's name from the list of invitations. On the following day, however, when all the glass and crockery which had been hired for the guests were ready packed to go back on shore, he was the one told off, with malice prepense, to command the boat. On receiving the order, Midshipman Fred appeared on deck, slowly and indolently.

"'Make haste, sir,' cried the indignant captain. 'Run, sir—jump.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' was the ready response; and jump he did, right over the ship's side, and dashed into the midst of the hired crockery, the destruction among which may be better imagined than described.

"The younger boy, Frank, was entered on the roll of the navy at the tender age of three years, and his father used to say that, when he took him up for that purpose to the port-admiral at Plymouth, and the officer, wishing to be gracious, patted the little one (who was attired in the costume of a seaman) on the head, with the observation, 'Well, you're a fine little fellow,' the youngster set all the by-standers in a roar by the cool reply, 'And you're a fine old cock, too!'"

The "Æneid" of Virgil, translated by Mr. C. P. Cranch, the well-known poet and painter, has been published by J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston, in a very elegant volume, uniform with Bryant's Homer, Longfellow's Dante and Bayard Taylor's "Faust." The translation is in blank verse, Mr. Cranch expressing,

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in the preface, the opinion that the trammels of rhyme make it impossible for a translator faithfully to render the original. Mr. Cranch handles blank verse with force and skill, and his version is singularly literal as well as elegant. The tender and pathetic passages of the original are given with remarkable felicity, and the whole work, indeed, is imbued with the spirit of a true poet and the high intelligence of a scholar, though, perhaps, a few inaccuracies, easily corrected, might be pointed out, if we cared to indicate the inevitable blemishes which mark this as well as every human production. The work, on the whole, is exceedingly well done, and is an honor to American literature, worthy to take rank with the kindred works of the distinguished poets who have translated Homer, Dante, and Goethe.

"Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Incumbent of St. James Church, Marylebone, London, is a collection of sermons on the profound issues raised by recent scientific speculations. Fortunately, Mr. Haweis comes to this discussion with large knowledge, with a catholic spirit, and with ability to comprehend the real attitude of science in its present forced antagonism with the Church. He accepts Herbert Spencer's "Reconciliation of Science and Religion" as conclusively sound and philosophical, expands and explains the idea with great fulness, and shows how the most inquisitive scientific spirit may exist in harmony with the profoundest religious convictions. Mr. Haweis's sermons are of exceeding interest, and will be specially welcomed by those who have recently had many occasions to resent the dogmatic spirit with which clerical writers have entered into the arena of scientific discussion.

"The Comedy of Terrors," by Professor James De Mille, which has been appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* as a serial during the past year, has been issued in book-form by J. R. Osgood & Co. It has the well-known characteristics of this popular novelist, and, though lighter in its structure than some of his books, is sufficiently surprising and amusing. The scene begins in Montreal, and is transferred to Paris at the time of the siege and the Commune. It has Mr. De Mille's usual liveliness of style, audacity of action, and rapid and amazing succession of events. It depicts also one of those volatile and inconsequential women whom the author sketches so easily and pleasantly, and one of those energetic and irresistible Western Americans whom his pen delights to delineate. It strongly resembles "The American Baron" rather than the graver "Cryptogram," or the novel now running in the *JOURNAL*—"An Open Question"—which bids fair to be his masterpiece in the intricacy of its plot and the tragedy of its incidents.

"The Greeks of To-day," by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, late minister-resident of the United States at Athens, is an admirable survey of political and social conditions in modern Greece. It treats of public education, of the Church and the missionaries, of brigandage, of the Greek character, of the political situation, and gives with considerable fulness an interesting and valuable description of things in this small but always interesting kingdom. (Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons.)

The latest addition to the "Library of Choice Novels," issued by D. Appleton & Co., is "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Hesba Stretton, an English authoress, whose previous works have won much favor by their excellent

delineation of character, and their purity of tone. "The Doctor's Dilemma," we think, will add greatly to her reputation. The plot is interesting, even to intricacy, the characters well drawn, the style good, and the scenes of the story laid mainly in the picturesque islands of the English Channel, which are graphically described. The novel, in short, is very readable, and has the merit of decided freshness. Its scenes and its characters are equally original and interesting.

"Hints on Dress" is one of Putnam's "Handy-Book Series," in which the reader is instructed "what to wear, when to wear it, and how to buy it," all useful and often very necessary information. If "Hints on Dress" succeeds in relieving people in ever so small a measure from the thralldom of Fashion it will do a great good, and, that it is calculated to do this, its pages give good evidence.

The *Journal des Débats* makes an announcement agreeable not only to the ordinary, but to the extraordinary novel-reader. Lord Lytton is again in his publisher's hands, and a new novel, called "Chillingley," is soon to be published by Blackwood. In Leipzig it will issue from the press of Baron Tauchnitz—now English consul-general—and in Paris from that of Messrs. Reinwald.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. publish a valuable hand-book on pisciculture, entitled "Domesticated Trout: How to grow and feed them," by Livingston Stone, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner, and proprietor of the Cold-Spring trout-ponds. The work is comprehensive, and would appear to treat exhaustively of a branch of industry destined to assume an important place in the near future.

and au Bois de Boulogne! The Americans, *toujours* the Americans. Who own the best boxes at the opera! Your millionnaires of Boston and New York. What woman in Paris possesses the most diamonds? Madame Elisa Musard, an American lady. Who spends most money in Paris for pictures and objects of art? The great American merchant, Mr. A. T. Stewart. Finally, who furnishes the aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain the most substantial dowries (and the prettiest women)? Youthful America, who covets nothing more, it would seem, than a high-sounding title!

And then, without the New World, what would be our drawing-room life? Is it not the belles of the Union who are the brightest ornaments of our balls, and are not the violinists more frequently paid in dollars than in francs? It is astonishing to see how fond the French are of taking part in social gatherings, provided it be not in their own houses.

Formerly, a foreigner, who aspired to keeping open house in Paris, was obliged to secure the indorsement of some French gentleman or lady of acknowledged position, who determined the invitations and controlled the presentations. Nowadays, this is quite unnecessary; on the contrary, if one would receive the "best society," the first condition is, perhaps, to know no one, and simply to open one's doors to all.

A sojourn in Paris has a curious influence on the American character. While it tends to emphasize more strongly the Anglo-Saxon character in the men, it metamorphoses the women into veritable *Parisienne* of the day.

Full of animation, and of a buoyancy of spirits that nothing can repress, free and frank, yet modest and dignified, the American women have introduced into our social life an element which would be sorely missed.

The air of Paris, however, agrees with them so well that there is little danger of their remaining long away from us. I confidently expect, therefore, that they will persuade their husbands and fathers to return to us as soon as their electoral duties shall have been performed. They may be sure of receiving a hearty welcome.

#### Miscellany.

##### The Americans in Paris.

**C**ONFUSION reigns among the daughters of Eve, writes M. Bachaumont, in one of the Paris papers. The Americans are leaving us *en masse* to go home and take part in their presidential election, and their departure is an incommensurable loss to the *budget galant* of the capital.

If that, however, were all that is effected by the return of the Americans to their own country, I should deem it sufficient to simply record the fact, without uttering any very loud lamentation; but it is the very life of Paris that is endangered by this stampede, and this is the reason why it seems to me the matter deserves more than a passing notice.

It is America, in fact—humiliating as it may be to confess it—that for some years has supported Paris, and has enabled her to lead this four-in-hand existence that deceives even ourselves. There have been times when La Grande Ville, having exhausted her revenues, was incapable, unaided, of appearing in her traditional splendor. Thanks to the Yankee, she has, however, until now maintained her proud position; but, when he goes, what will become of her! Her prestige will disappear, and she will have to take her place among the have-beens, like Venice, Naples, Turin, Moscow, and many others.

Do not say I overstate the case. The proofs of what I say, alas! abound. To whom belong the finest hotels and mansions of Paris? To the Bigges, the Slidells, the Paynes, the Simmonses, the Simses, the Smiths, with Heaven knows how many, "and Sons & Co." Who drive the finest equipages aux Champs-Elysées

Perhaps the greatest charm of the English universities lies in the splendid traditions which cluster round them, welding them so nobly into the life of the nation. The Oxford freshman, who has any worthy appreciation of his *alma mater*, takes the ladies of his family, on their visit to him at his first commemoration, to the Martyrs' Memorial, and tells them of Wycliffe and Erasmus and Dean Colet. If his bent is political, he shows them the gallery in St. John's which Laud resigned to Henrietta Maria and her ladies when the king's standard was raised at Oxford, and visits the colleges where Falkland, Pym, Hampden, and Elliott, were reared. He takes them to Addison's shady walk by the Cherwell, and to see the pictures of Raleigh and any number of other world-renowned Englishmen in the college-halls. What equivalent can the Harvard sophomore show for all this wealth of priceless association? "Let us live in America," says Emerson, "too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land, too, is as old as the flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which Nature could bestow." But need the Harvard boy fall back altogether on the bountiful gifts of Nature, or turn his face wholly to the future, and admit that he has yet to wait for traditions and associations

which make the pulses quicken and the eye kindle? Let us see. Within two minutes' walk of his college-yard stands the great elm on Cambridge Common, by the side of which Washington unfurled the flag of the thirteen colonies in the War of Independence. Close by are his headquarters, a charming old wooden house, now the residence of Longfellow. Within a walk on one side is Concord, where the first shot was fired in anger in the struggle which settled the future of a continent, and turned the current of the world's history. To get there he must pass the houses in which Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," and from which Emerson still comes weekly to take his seat at the deliberations of the faculty of the university. On the other side, almost within sight, lies Boston, the seed-plot of American thought, whose every street is classic ground to him who has faith in the future. Elmwood, the birthplace of the "Biglow Papers," and the "Lay of Sir Launfall," stands almost within the university precincts. And now the Memorial Hall is rising, from the walls of which a scroll of names will speak for all time to Harvard students of the part which their college played in that fiery trial (let us hope the last for the New World), by the side of which the War of Independence sinks into insignificance, and in the agony of which "earth's biggest country found her soul." Surely such memories are a noble heritage, and the oldest university in America may hand them down with pride to the generations of her children yet to come.

#### Condition of Italy.

The policy pursued by the new Italian ministry has led to the revival of enterprise and industry in North and Central Italy, but unhappily has thus far failed in establishing order in the southern districts. In the old kingdom of the two Sicilies brigandage has taken the form of a combination of the peasantry against the nobility and land-owners. The peasants are required to give a fixed proportion of the crops, one-half or one-third to the land-owners, and they coalesce with the brigands in order to prevent the proprietors from ascertaining whether they obtain their rightful share of the harvest. If a land-owner ventures out of his house unaccompanied by a strong guard, he is liable to be shot, or to be carried off to the mountains, where an enormous ransom is demanded under penalty of mutilation, which, when paid, does not secure him from being again seized the next day.

The only apparent remedy for these disorders is to put the country under martial law, but this the ministry will not do, from fear of alienating the people from the new order of things. In the Ravenna district, crime is also rampant, but from a different cause. According to the correspondents of the London journals, two or three secret societies, headed by a few men of family and position, contrive to set all order at defiance. People are attacked and murdered in broad daylight in the streets, and judges and juries are too timorous to condemn the murderers, for death by the dagger awaits those who dare give sentence against them. If the Italian ministry would not cover itself with contempt, it must speedily devise means to do away with these land-pirates. Italy has suffered long enough from outlaws and brigands, and the first duty of the Italian Government is to render such atrocities impossible.

#### The Virgin of the Fish.

"La Vierge au Poisson" (the Virgin of the Fish), one of the famous masterpieces of

Raphael, has excited much curiosity and controversy as to the significance of the presence of the fish. The picture was painted in 1514 for the order of Dominicans at Naples, and is well known from the various engravings of it. The Virgin sits with the infant Christ in her arms. An angel, on her right, stands by a youth, who, kneeling on one knee, holds a fish in his hand suspended by a string. On the Virgin's left is an old man holding an open book. A lion crouches at his feet.

A French author, P. V. Belloc, in 1838 published, at Paris, a small octavo volume upon the subject, giving a new theory, which is that the picture symbolizes a candidate about to enter the Christian Church. The fish, of course, means Christ, for both the Greek word *ichthus* and the fish itself were used by the early Christians to signify Christ, when they were forbidden by the Roman law to pronounce His name. All the commentators seem to agree that the youth presents the fish to Christ, who holds out one hand, when it would seem plain that the youth has just taken the fish; that is, he has accepted Christ, a figure of speech used even to this day to express conversion to the Christian religion. The fish was a most significant choice as a symbol of Christ, for the conception or impregnation of the fish in the early days of science was a profound mystery. But neither M. Belloc nor any of the writers on the subject seem to have discovered this clew to the choice of the fish as the symbol of Christ.

#### A Centenarian.

There recently died, at Petit-Bicêtre, a locality in the environs of Paris, a centenarian named Odiot, the half of whose life was a veritable romance. Born in 1770, he was shipped as cabin-boy on board the *Océan*, a French man-of-war, from which he deserted at the island of Réunion, where he was so fortunate as to find a home in the house of a rich planter, who adopted him.

In 1793 he returned to France, where he was immediately arrested as a deserter and imprisoned. In 1795 he regained his liberty and returned to Paris, where the revolutionary tribunal appointed him jailer of one of the prisons, where he remained until Napoleon was made first consul, when he enlisted in the guards. From this time till 1815 he served in five different regiments, and accompanied Napoleon in all the campaigns of the empire. After the Hundred Days he entered a Swiss regiment of the Royal Guard, of which he was made sutler. In this position he remained till 1830, when he demanded his discharge.

Odiot now retired to a little house he had purchased at Petit-Bicêtre, and lived at first on his pension. In the mean time he learned that his old benefactor of the island of Réunion had died without an heir, and that his property had fallen to the government. He urged his claims as the planter's adopted son, and the authorities compromised by giving him one hundred thousand francs. At his death, having no relations, so far as he knew, he left his little fortune to one of the Paris hospitals.

#### "Evenings at Home."

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt from Messrs. Milton, Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., of a very handsome case of social games, united under a general title of "Evenings at Home." The variety of games published by this house is very large, and hence the means they provide for home amusement is almost exhaustless. The need for amusements that will fill up agreeably the long winter evenings becomes notably apparent with the

first lighting of the autumn fires. In households where there are young people, it is specially incumbent upon the heads of the family to provide for the restless spirits around them, who otherwise might find home oppressive and wearisome. For this purpose few things are better than round games, and those published by the house we have mentioned are generally very good. "We have endeavored," they say, "with conscientious faithfulness, to exclude from our list every thing that might by any possibility offend the most conservative and fastidious, and to admit only such as are innocently amusing or positively instructive and elevating."

### Foreign Items.

THE recent movement for the abolition of the death-penalty in Spain arose from a frightful accident which took place at an execution in Seville, on the 14th of September last. Two assassins, named Vergara and Peponos, were to be garroted on that day by Cevallos, the Spanish executioner. The latter tried on them for the first time a new garrote, which was believed to kill the criminal sooner than the old instrument of death. It worked well in the case of Peponos, who was executed first; but, when the fatal screw was turned on Vergara, the iron ring broke, and the unfortunate culprit, after suffering untold agony for a minute or two, had to be untied and taken back to his prison. A few days afterward King Amadeus commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life.

A circular has been issued by M. Jules Simon, the French Minister of Public Instruction, directing important changes in the curriculum of the government schools. German or English is made obligatory for boys. Geography is to be carefully taught. Latin verse-making is to be abolished, and Latin prose composition to be made of less moment than formerly. M. Simon dwells particularly on the importance of gymnastics, drill, etc., and attention to the health of the pupils.

The Foundling Hospital of St. Petersburg, which appropriately owes its origin to Catherine, of Russia, whose own weaknesses certainly ought to have made her look tenderly on that of her sex, has just completed its centenary. This institution is now on a magnificent scale, and is the parent asylum of seventy-three schools and several *crèches*. Twenty-five thousand names are on its register, and two thousand children are receiving primary instruction within its walls.

A prominent feature of the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition will be the models of private dwellings in all countries; the main object being to point out what is considered by their inhabitants to be the best mode of building, having regard to climate, local circumstances, and the manner of life in vogue. The houses exhibited will be complete, both in furniture and decoration.

The *North-German Gazette* says that Mormon emissaries are again infesting the northern states of Germany, and it calls upon the police authorities to treat, with the utmost rigor of the law, such of these emissaries as fall into their hands.

The Russian emperor has authorized a St. Petersburg publisher to issue, next year, an official account of the travels of the Granduke Alexis in foreign lands. The grand-

duke's diary will be incorporated nearly in full with this work.

The Russian Princess Traubescenoffs, who has joined the Oneida Community, has been deprived of her rank and of her real-estate property by a special decree of the Russian Minister of the Interior.

King Victor Emmanuel, who is an invalid, has been advised by his physicians to make a voyage to the tropics, and may this winter visit Madeira and South America.

Bears are still very numerous in Poland. During the present year, up to the 1st of September, ninety-six were killed in that country.

Fialin de Persigny, Napoleon's bosom-friend, has left memoirs, which his son is preparing for publication.

There is a boy of fourteen at the Munich Lyceum who knows the whole "Odyssey" of Homer by heart.

Edouard Laboulaye says he is firmly convinced that the republic is permanently established in France.

The Paris *Liberté* is offered for sale for three hundred thousand francs, which is considered very cheap.

The private library of the Empress Eugénie, which was recently sold in Paris, is now the property of Mme. Rattazzi.

The rumor that the illustrious Italian general, La Marmora, had gone mad, is confirmed.

Victor Hugo has declared that he will never aspire again to a political office.

The works of Louis Figuer have thus far been translated into six languages.

The late Théophile Gautier left seven sons, all of whom are journalists in Paris.

Three thousand species of grass are now known to botanists.

## Varieties.

DURING the Franco-Prussian War it was estimated that, averaging both armies, five Germans outweighed six Frenchmen. Not only are the Germans huge compared with Frenchmen, but huge as compared with their own ancestors. The Prussian soldier who fought at Sedan averaged three inches larger round the chest and two inches taller than the Prussian soldier who fought at Waterloo. This astonishing development is ascribed to fifty years of stringent military training, enforced upon the whole male population.

Sheridan was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying "Hear! hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but had only sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed with greatest emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

Last winter a British steamship made two successful trips from the Chesapeake to London, loaded exclusively with Baltimore oysters. So great was the success attending the undertaking that three large vessels are now on their way to this country from European ports under charter to take cargoes of Baltimore oysters to London.

A young married lady in New-York City wears a peculiar breastpin which has excited great admiration. Her husband abandoned

smoking at her request, and she had the front of his meerschaum bowl—a handsomely-carved lion's head—put into a costly setting, and wore it as a constant reminder of her husband's devotion.

The Darwinian theory has reached ecclesiastical councils in New England, and young candidates for the pulpit are questioned on the subject.

Delaware was the first State to ratify the Federal Constitution. Rhode Island was the last State of the "old thirteen" to come into the Union.

John Pierpont described a ballot as

"A weapon that comes down as still  
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;  
But executes a freeman's will  
As lightning does the will of God."

A man who bought a thousand Havana cigars, on being asked what he had, replied, "They were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife."

An Iowa hen lays double-headed eggs somewhat resembling dumb-bells.

A Bowery fish-store advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

The three balls of the pawnbrokers are said to signify addition, division, and silence.

Sewing-machines are run by water-power in California.

## The Museum.

### The Condor.

THIS greatest of unclean birds has been singularly unfortunate in the hands of the curious and scientific. Fifty years have elapsed since the first specimen reached Europe; yet to-day the exaggerated stories of its size and strength are repeated in many of our textbooks, and the very latest ornithological work leaves us in doubt as to its relation to the other vultures. No one credits the assertion of the old geographer, Marco Polo, that the condor can lift an elephant from the ground high enough to kill it by the fall, nor the story of a traveller so late as 1880, who declared that a condor of moderate size, just killed, was lying before him, a single quill-feather of which was twenty good paces long! Yet the statement continues to be published that the ordinary expanse of a full-grown specimen is from twelve to twenty feet, whereas it is very doubtful if it ever exceeds or even equals twelve feet. A full-grown male from the most celebrated locality on the Andes, now in Vassar College, has a stretch of nine feet. Humboldt never found one to measure over nine feet, and the largest specimen seen by Darwin was eight and a half feet from tip to tip. An old male in the Zoological Gardens of London measures eleven feet. Von Tschudi says he found one with a spread of fourteen feet two inches, but he invalidates his testimony by the subsequent statement that the full-grown condor measures from twelve to thirteen feet.

The ordinary habitat of the royal condor is between the altitudes of ten thousand and sixteen thousand feet. The largest seem to make their home around the volcano of Cayambe, which stands exactly on the equator. In the rainy season they frequently descend to the coast, where they may be seen roosting on trees. On the mountains they very rarely perch (for which their feet are poorly fitted), but stand on rocks. They are most commonly seen around vertical cliffs, where their nests are, and where cattle are most likely to fall. Great numbers frequent Antisana, where there is a great cattle-estate. Flocks are never seen,

except around a large carcass. It is often seen singly soaring at a great height in vast circles. Its flight is slow and majestic. Its head is constantly in motion, as if in search of food below. Its mouth is kept open, and its tail spread. To rise from the ground, it must needs run for some distance; then it flaps its wings three or four times, and ascends at a low angle till it reaches a considerable elevation, when it seems to make a few leisurely strokes, as if to ease its wings, after which it literally sails upon the air.

In walking, the wings trail on the ground, and the head takes a crouching position. It has a very awkward, almost painful, gait. From its inability to rise without running, a narrow pen is sufficient to imprison it. Though a carrion-bird, it breathes the purest air, spending much of its time soaring three miles above the sea. Humboldt saw one fly over Chimborazo. We have seen them sailing at least a thousand feet above the crater of Pichinchá.

Its gormandizing power has hardly been overstated. We have known a single condor, not of the largest size, to make way in one week with a calf, a sheep, and a dog. It prefers carrion, but will sometimes attack live sheep, deer, dogs, etc. The eyes and tongue are the favorite parts, and first devoured; next, the intestines. We never heard of one authenticated case of its carrying off children, nor of its attacking adults, except in defence of its eggs. Von Tschudi says it cannot carry, when flying, a weight of over ten pounds. In captivity it will eat every thing, except pork and cooked meat. When full fed, it is exceedingly stupid, and can be caught by the hand; but at other times it is a match for the stoutest man. It passes the greater part of the day sleeping, more often searching for prey in the morning and evening than at noon—very likely because objects are then more distinctly seen. It is seldom shot (though it is not invulnerable, as once thought), but is generally trapped or lassoed. Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru" (volume I., 384), speaks of "the great bird of the Andes, the loathsome condor, who, sailing high above the clouds, followed with *doyleful cries* in the track of the army." But the only noise it makes is a hiss like that of a goose. The usual tracheal muscles are wanting.

It lays two white eggs, three or four inches long, on an inaccessible ledge. It makes no nest proper, but places a few sticks around the eggs. By no amount of bribery could we tempt an Indian to search for condors' eggs; and Mr. Smith, who had hunted many years in the valley of Quito, was never able to get sight of an egg. Incubation occupies about seven weeks, ending April or May. The young are scarcely covered with a dirty-white down, and they are not able to fly for nearly two years. D'Orbigny says they take the wing in about a month and a half after being hatched—a manifest error. They are as downy as goslings until they nearly equal, in size, a full-grown bird. Darwin was told they could not fly for a whole year. The white frill at the base of the neck, and the white feathers in the wings, do not appear until the second plumage, or until after the first general moulting, during which time they lie in the caves and are fed by their elders for at least six months. Previous to this the frill is of a deep-gray color (Gillies says "light-blue black"), and the wing-feathers brown.

The head, neck, and front of the breast, are bare, indicative of its propensity to feed on carrion. The head is elongated, and much flattened above. The neck is of unusual size, and, in the male, the skin lies in folds. The

nostrils are oval and longitudinal, but in the male they are not so much exposed as in the other sex, since the caruncle forms an arch over them. The olfactories, however, seem to be well developed. Yet the condor, though it has neither the smelling powers of the dog (as proved by Darwin) nor the bright eye of the eagle, somehow distinguishes a carcass afar off. The color of the eye is variously given — by Latham as nut-brown, by Cassell as purple, and by Bonaparte as olive-gray; but Gurney, in his "Raptorial Birds in the Norwich Museum," states it correctly as pale-brown in the male, and carbuncle-red in the female — a singular difference between the sexes. In young birds the color is dark-brown, which changes with change of plumage. They are peculiarly elongated, not sunken in the head as the eagle's, and very far back, being an inch and a half behind the gape, while those of the eagle are directly over it. The bill is shorter and weaker than the eagle's, and the decurved tip of the upper mandible only one-third as long. The tongue is cana-

liculate, with serrated edges, which obviously assists in deglutition, as the head is never raised to swallow food. The caruncle and wattle are wanting in the female. The downy ruff is more prominent in the male, but in neither sex completes a circle. The primaries are black, the third and fourth being equal and longest — a feature wanting in the Old-World vultures; the secondaries are exteriorly edged with white. The tail is of twelve feathers, black and even; legs feathered to the tarsus; toes united by a small membrane — the middle one is excessively long, the hind one comparatively undeveloped, by which the foot is rendered less prehensile than that of other raptorial — claws blunt, as might be expected from its habit of standing on the rocks; nor are sharp talons wanted, as it seldom seizes living prey. The nail of the hind-toe is more curved than the other three, but far less than the talons of the eagle. The female condor is smaller than the male — an unusual circumstance in this order, the feminine eagles and hawks being larger than their mates.



THE CONDOR.

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